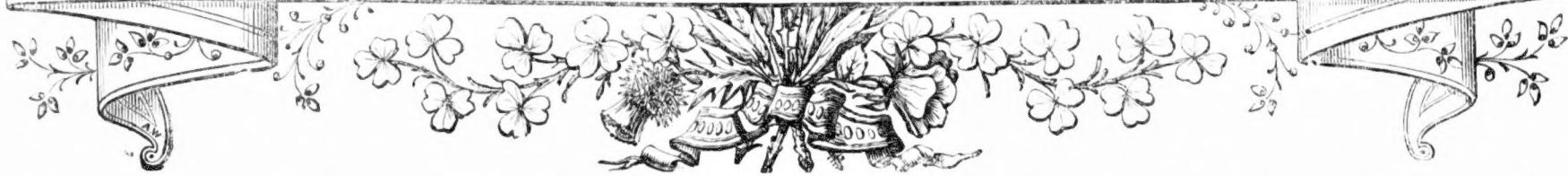


ILLUSTRATED TIMES



REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

NEW SERIES.

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No. 390.—VOL. 1.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1862.

PRICE 3D.—STAMPED 4D.

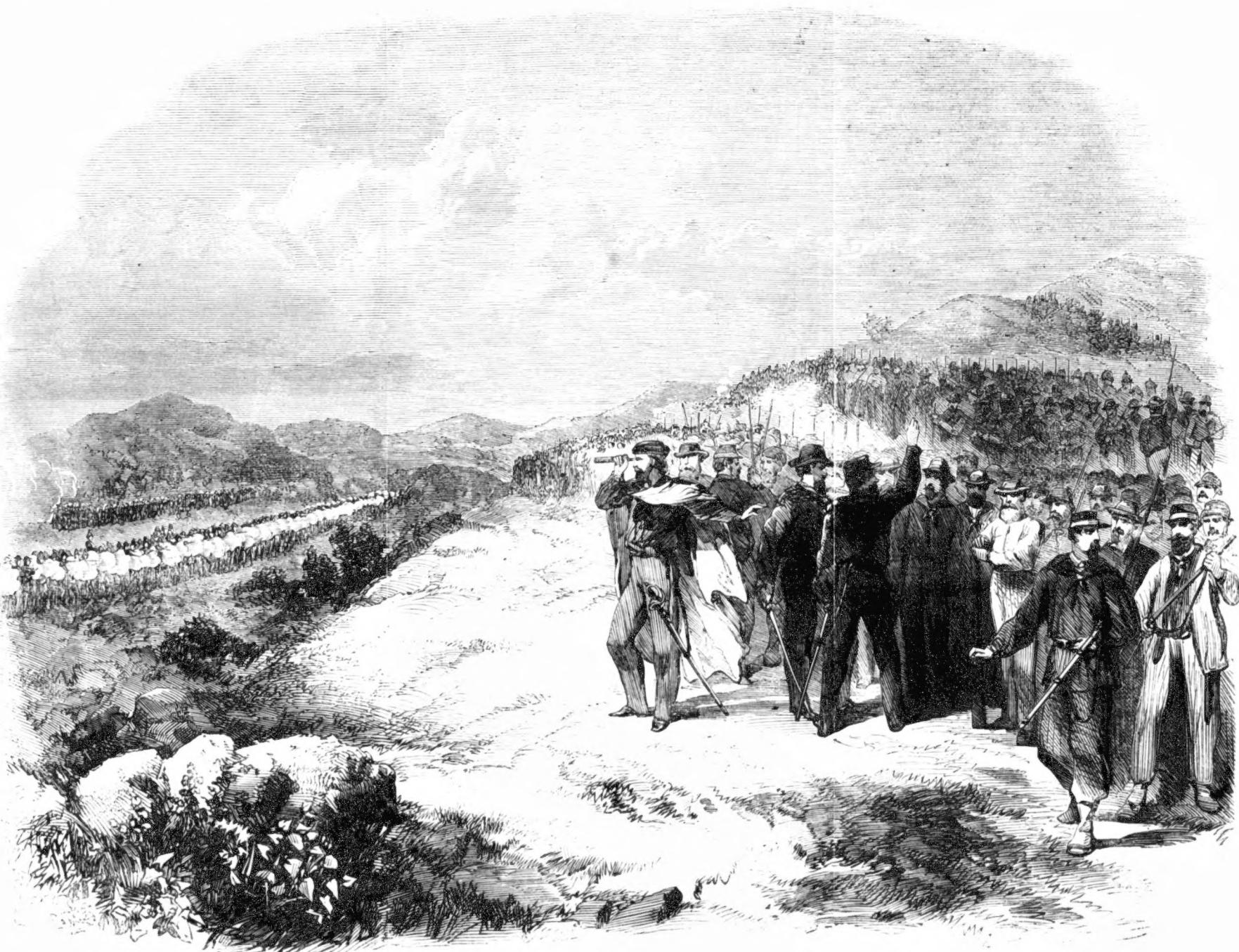
MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

ALTHOUGH we are assured that the marriage of the Prince of Wales with the Princess Alexandra of Denmark is not to be regarded as an event having the slightest political character, it is impossible to ignore the fact that the union renders a cordial alliance between England and Denmark—should such an alliance ever be thought desirable—an easier matter to arrange than it otherwise would be. For instance, if France and Russia should ever seriously attempt to revive and carry out the treaty of Tilsit, of which there have been many signs since the termination of the Crimean War, nothing would be so important for England as to have an advanced sentinel like Denmark to watch and guard the Baltic. Mr. Laing and other politicians who know the Scandinavian countries well, and have studied attentively their historic and diplomatic traditions, believe that Russia's designs in the East—so systematically and openly pursued for the last two hundred years—have really been little more than a "demonstration" for diverting the attention of Europe from her far more dangerous plans in the Baltic. It would be difficult to convince the Turks of this; and the plain truth is, that Russia has been pursuing two schemes, or rather two branches of one great scheme, at the sametime. It was not merely for commercial purposes that St. Petersburg was built on the shores of a gulf which is frozen up during six months of the year. It

was intended chiefly as a starting point from which to acquire territory on the Baltic, and since its erection the Russian Emperors have spread their northern seacoast both to the south and to the west. They have wrested the "Baltic provinces" from the hands of Poland and Sweden, and from the latter power they have also conquered the whole of Finland. In short, Russia has done far more to make herself a great naval power in the north-west than she has in the south-east of Europe; and though she will doubtless fail, as other States have failed before her, in the design attributed to her of establishing a universal dominion in Europe, there is no saying how long she will persist in the attempt, nor how soon England may be called upon to resist it in northern seas. At all events, if ever that necessity should arise, it will be no small advantage to us that a family alliance will already exist between the reigning families of England and Denmark.

On the other hand, this Royal marriage does not in the least bind England and Denmark to a common policy on minor questions. All it does is to facilitate a cordial understanding between them in the event of such an understanding being found desirable, as it certainly would be in the by no means impossible case which we have supposed. Denmark would not be called upon to support us if the Eastern question, and that only, should once more drag us into war; nor could we be expected to assist Denmark if

Prussia and Germany should at last carry out their long-standing threat of "federal execution" in the provinces of Schleswig and Holstein (and not Schleswig-Holstein, as some of our contemporaries, who thus beg the question as to the union of those provinces, have it). But we could, at the same time, be of much use in preventing, by amicable representations to both parties, the breaking out of a war between Danes and Germans, who ought always to be at peace with one another and with us. The Schleswig and Holstein question is one which does not at all defy solution by peaceful means, and a war between two constitutional States like Denmark and Prussia would benefit no one but France and Russia; in the first place, because anything that tends to bring constitutionalism into discredit is a moral gain to the despotic principle, and, in the second, because to weaken Denmark is to strengthen the power of Russia in the Baltic, while to enfeeble Germany is to create opportunities for France on the Rhine. It may be said that whatever representations England has to make in connection with the matters in dispute between Denmark and Prussia might be made now through the ordinary diplomatic means. But it is known to be often a great advantage to have an Ambassador at a foreign Court instead of a Minister, because the Ambassador has the privilege of seeking interviews and transacting business with the Sovereign personally. The advantage must be still greater



ASPRONTE,—GARIBALDI ORDERING HIS TROOPS NOT TO FIRE.—SEE PAGE 335.

when the Sovereigns or their nearest relatives are themselves in constant communication. In such cases there may be disagreement; but misunderstanding, in the true sense of the word, is sure to be avoided.

It would certainly be a great misfortune for England to be entangled again in any system of Continental alliances not immediately connected with the defence of our own independence and honour. But if we had to deal with another Louis XIV, or another Napoleon we should have no choice but to fight our battles with the aid of such allies as we could get; and in such a case Denmark, as a maritime Power, would be of great help to us. Even her neutrality would be a considerable gain. We know what the opinion of the British Government was on that point when, to avoid the co-operation of Denmark with France, Lord Nelson—with no justification but that of necessity, "which has no law"—seized the Danish fleet. Denmark was then governed despotically. The little that the Danes knew of the English was not to our advantage, and an alliance between the two Courts would have been a very different thing from what an alliance between the two nations would be now. We do not feel inclined to lay much stress on the fact that the Danes and the English are of the same Scandinavian stock. We are, it is true, far more nearly allied by blood to Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes than to any of the German nations, and especially the Prussians, who in the days of Canute were heathen barbarians, and who did not even become Germans until the Teutonic knights conquered them, and beat religion, order, and the German language into them after their own peculiar fashion. Nevertheless, as the English have fought with the Americans, and as the Americans are now fighting among themselves, it is clear that similarity or even identity of race is no guarantee between nations of sympathy and fraternal peace. But England, in the present day, is esteemed by Denmark; our literature and history are familiar to a large class of Danes who have now a share in the government of the country; we have many interests in common, and it is not improbable that we may some day find ourselves opposed to a common enemy—or enemies.

It may be, then, that the marriage of the Prince of Wales has no political signification; but at least, if it has, it is one that all Englishmen must approve of.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

In the present dearth of positive news the Paris journals and public are discussing the probability of a dissolution of the Corps Législatif, which, it is thought, will take place at the latter end of October. It is also a matter of speculation as to what candidates the support of the Government will be given, whether to the Liberals or the Clericals. At present the sympathies of the Emperor are supposed to be with the Clericals, but some few persons still think that the *mot d'ordre* may be anti-Papal.

The *Constitutionnel* of Monday evening publishes an article on the Roman question signed by M. Limayrac which has created somewhat of a sensation. It says:—

For thirty years the Imperial Government has defended the independence of the Papacy, but it is not reasonable to conclude from this that it intends to maintain the Papal Government for ever. If France considers it her duty to secure the independence of the Papacy, she also considers it her duty to respect the liberty of peoples. The Court of Rome and the journals which are devoted to it affirm that the Roman Government is loved by its subjects. It is therefore only necessary to protect it against any external attacks. The Papal power being secured within by the wishes of the inhabitants, and protected from without by a formal declaration of France, whose word is as good as her sword, there is no longer any reason for the occupation of Rome by French troops.

M. de la Guerronière has published in *La France* a third article on the same topic. He admits the impossibility of returning to the Treaty of Villafranca, and advocates a great federation of the two States, to be constituted as Northern Italy and Central Italy, Rome being situated between the two, and serving as the bond of union. He affirms the necessity of a congress, and lays down the basis on which it should arrange the plan he suggests. The amount of importance to be attached to these suggestions of M. de la Guerronière entirely depends on whether they are merely his own opinions or those of the French Government, and they will necessarily lose nearly all their weight if we take the writer at his word when he declares, at the close of his article, that he does not pretend to be the mouthpiece of the Government on the question. This article is treated with very little ceremony by the Paris journals—in fact, is laughed at and ridiculed on every side. All the organs of public opinion, no matter of what shade of politics, declare his plan for the arrangement of Italian affairs to be altogether impracticable, and quite unworthy of serious notice.

ITALY.

The great questions of interest throughout Italy are the state of Garibaldi's health and the determination of the Government as to the trial of the General and his companions. On these topics details will be found in another place.

Count Stackelberg, Russian Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Turin, has arrived at Turin, accompanied by his suite.

The Italian Government has dispatched a circular note to its representatives abroad, in which the speedy defeat of the insurrectionary movement is adduced as a proof of the consolidation of the state of things in Italy. It is stated, also, that this insurrection, on the other hand, constitutes an urgent demand to grant to Italy her capital, as Garibaldi, although acting in an illegal manner, nevertheless expressed the thought of all Italians.

The authorities of Naples and Sicily continue, during the present state of siege, to rid the country of the Bourbon partisans.

Some Pontifical carabiniers, having carried off the Italian flag hoisted by the railway workmen on the confines of the Italian territory, Commandant Ceprano demanded satisfaction from the Roman Government. General Montebello caused the restitution of the flag.

In Rome arrests and domiciliary visits continue to an extent hitherto unknown. At the end of August there were ninety-five political prisoners—arrested on suspicion—awaiting, not trial, but condemnation, in the police prisons of the city. If you owe any one a spite, you have only to drop a line, anonymous or otherwise, to Signor Pasqualoni, and hint that your neighbour is a "friend to Italy," and in a few hours, you may rest secure, he will be in the hands of the police. When he will get out again is quite another thing.

AUSTRIA.

We learn by telegram from Vienna that the proceedings of the Lower House of the Reichsrath were brought to a sudden close on Wednesday by the Polish and Czech members leaving the House, which thereupon declared itself incompetent to pass any resolutions. The cause of the secession of the Poles and Czechs is not named.

PRUSSIA.

The Prussian Representative Chamber is engaged in the discussion

of the Budget and the question of military organisation. The subject involves not merely the amount of the expenditure upon the Army, but the still more important one of whether the King is entitled to change the military organisation of the kingdom by suppressing the Landwehr, or militia, without the concurrence of Parliament.

This is one of the most important constitutional questions which a Prussian Assembly has ever had to discuss, and it creates an almost unparalleled excitement throughout the dominions of King William. It seems probable, however, that a compromise will be agreed to between the Prussian Government and the Opposition in the Chamber. An amendment, but moved in a somewhat conciliatory spirit, had been proposed by one of the members, but he afterwards withdrew it. Herr von Vincke, however, on the part of the Opposition, intimated that he was disposed to adopt it; and the Minister, on the other hand, intimated that on certain conditions he, too, might agree to it. The Minister next day attended the examination of the Budget by the committee to whom it was referred, and the Estimates were discussed in a conciliatory spirit.

RUSSIA AND POLAND.

The official journal published in Warsaw announces that a number of nobles had been holding illegal meetings at the house of Count Zamowski, and had drawn up an address "containing demands exceeding the freedom granted by the institutions of the country"! Count Zamowski has been ordered to St. Petersburg to answer to the Emperor for his share in these proceedings. The address is said to be couched in firm but respectful language. It demands the restoration of the ancient rights of the country.

TURKEY, SYRIA, AND SERVIA.

The Turkish Government is still harassed with the insubordination of its Syrian subjects. According to the last accounts the Hauras continued in insurrection, and the people had attacked the Turkish camp at Magroh. The population of Castravari and Casis had also risen, and, it is said, had repulsed Daoud Pacha, who was wounded in the encounter, as well as two Emirs.

The Paris papers publish the following telegram, dated Belgrade, the 16th inst. :—"The Turks have broken the armistice at Ougitzia and attacked and sabred the Servian sentries. A conflict followed, which was only interrupted by night. It was renewed next day, when the Turks lost all their positions outside the fortress."

The insurgents of the Herzegovina have surrendered. Luka Vucalovich, their chief, has been summoned to Scutari under promise of an amnesty.

GREECE.

Letters and journals from Athens to the 4th inst. state that the Greek Government has pardoned the non-commissioned officers drawn into the revolt of Nauplia, and also restored their commissions to a certain number of officers who took part in the insurrection. Great interest is excited at Athens by a project for cutting through the isthmus of Corinth, and making a new port on the western coast of the Peloponnesus.

MEXICO.

News has been received from Mexico to the 17th ult. A council of war, composed of members of the Liberal party, had been held at Orizaba, at which it was resolved that fresh propositions for negotiations should be made to General Forey should he arrive at Orizaba with diplomatic powers from the French Government. The French troops had succeeded in fortifying an important position at Borrego. At Colima Colonels Tara and Roivas, together with the citizens and garrison, had pronounced in favour of the French intervention. It was said that the Minister Doblado had reported to President Juarez that dependence could not be placed on the fidelity of a considerable portion of the army, and that desertions were of daily occurrence.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

THE CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.

The intelligence received from America since our last Number was issued is of great interest and importance. The progress of the war was still disastrous to the Federal cause, and the army of the Potowmac under Pope had sustained further signal reverses.

It will be remembered that the last accounts came down to the evening of the 29th ult., on which day, according to a despatch written the following morning by General Pope, a severe battle was fought between his corps and the Confederates on the field of Bull Run. This battle Pope claimed as a victory, and wound up his despatch by saying that the Confederates were retiring. They did not retire, however, but on that morning, the 30th, attacked Pope with fury, and the Federals fell back in disorder, the Confederates rapidly pouring shell into the retreating masses. The Confederates broke the Federal centre, and turned the Federal left—Pope, at five in the evening, endeavouring in vain to retrieve the day. The troops gave way, crossing Bull Run, and all along the Centreville road artillery, infantry, cavalry, and waggons were in confusion, falling back to the rear. The Federal rear is said to have retreated in order; but the account reads like the history of a second Bull Run. In fact, three days afterwards Pope evacuated Centreville, and fell back behind the fortifications around Washington, where the army of the Potowmac lay before its first movement forward last year and its first defeat at Bull Run.

If the battle of the 29th was a sanguinary one, and, according to Pope, 24,000 men were killed and wounded in it, that of the 30th must have been much more so. The loss of Federal officers of all grades is reported to be enormous. McClellan is bitterly blamed for neglecting or refusing to go to the assistance of Pope, and treachery is imputed to him. He had, however, been appointed to command the capital.

The defeat of the Federal armies at Bull Run and Centreville is reported to have been complete. No estimate had been made of the loss of life. The Confederates captured large quantities of ammunition, stores, and artillery. The Federals were intrenching themselves on Arlington heights to defend Washington.

Everything had been burnt at Manassas to prevent its falling into the hands of the Confederates. The Federal wounded were left to the care of the enemy after Saturday's battle (August 30). General Burnside evacuated Fredericksburg on the 31st ult., after burning the Government property and the bridge, and retreated to Aquia Creek under cover of the gun-boats on the Potowmac. Confederate scouts had been seen in the vicinity of the Chain-bridge, near Washington. The Federals had evacuated Winchester. Engagements occurred on the 1st between Kearney's brigade and the Confederates under Colonel Stewart, two miles and a half west of Fairfax Courthouse. The Confederates were repulsed, but the Federal Generals Kearney and Stevens were killed. The Confederates were reported in movement towards Harper's Ferry. The object of this movement was, of course, to invade Maryland, and a rumour was afloat in New York that a battle was progressing at Poolesville, in that State, between the corps of the Federal General Slocum and the Confederates. The Federals had subsequently evacuated Aquia Creek.

The Confederates claim the result of Saturday's (30th) fighting as their greatest victory of the war, asserting they captured 80 pieces of artillery, 5000 prisoners, many stand of arms, colours, flags, &c. In all the fighting since they dashed on Manassas, they also claim to have captured wagon trains of supplies and ammunition, arms, and camp equipage sufficient to supply their whole army now on Bull Run for many days. They admit all this was not accomplished without a fearful sacrifice of life; and though the loss in the battle of Saturday is stated to have been not more than 400 killed and 2500 wounded, they acknowledge a total loss in all the fighting of 10,000 killed and wounded.

News to the 8th inst. from New York states that nearly all the Confederate troops had been withdrawn from before Washington. A Confederate force 5000 strong had crossed the Potowmac at Point of Rocks, and occupied Frederick, Maryland. They were enthusiastically received by the Secessionist inhabitants, but the Unionists left the town. They had promised to protect all private property. The latest reports state that General Jackson was at Frederick with 40,000 men. It was reported that the Confederates proposed to destroy the Western Central Peninsular Railroad, and operate in Pennsylvania, having ulterior designs on Washington and Baltimore. The Governor of Pennsylvania had forwarded large bodies of troops

to the entrance of Cumberland Valley to resist the invasion. The Confederate pickets extended from Frederick seven miles towards Hagerstown. Large bodies of Federal troops were being transported from Washington to the Upper Potowmac. The Confederate movement in Frederick had cut off the reinforcements for the Federal troops at Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry. 400 Confederates had attacked the Federals at Martinsburg, but were repulsed. Bragg, Confederate General, was marching towards the Ohio River, through Western Virginia, with 20,000 men. He was reported in the vicinity of Nashville, which the Federal General Buell had ordered to be evacuated.

OPERATIONS IN THE WEST AND SOUTH.

The Confederates are also making rapid progress in Kentucky. They defeated the Federals near Richmond, Kentucky, who first retreated to Lexington, but were subsequently obliged to evacuate it. They were preparing to leave Cincinnati, in the free State of Ohio. The great success of the Confederates, however, is made particularly apparent by the fact that the Kentucky Legislature have removed from the capital, Frankfort, to Louisville, taking with them all the State archives. The cause of the Confederates is also brightening on the Mississippi. The Federals, it is now confirmed, have evacuated Baton Rouge, and the Confederates were preparing to wrest New Orleans from their grasp, which was threatened by Generals Breckinridge and Van Dorn, with forces numbering from 20,000 to 30,000 men. It is not surprising that the Confederates should be elated with the position they have so gallantly won; and we learn that in the Southern Congress resolutions have been introduced favouring an aggressive war, and also proposing that a proclamation be addressed to the North-western States offering to guarantee the free navigation of the Mississippi and Ohio if they will desist from further prosecuting the war.

News had been received of the Confederates having been defeated at Bolivar, Tennessee; and of the Federal General Buell having beaten them at Chattanooga, capturing 7000 prisoners.

GENERAL NEWS.

Halleck was said to have superseded Stanton as Minister of War. General Pope had been relieved from the command of the army in Virginia and assigned to the command in the north-west. A proposition had been made to authorise Generals Fremont and Mitchel to raise each an army of 50,000 men. It is asserted that Abolitionists will gladly serve under those Generals who would not otherwise take part in the war. It is not believed that the President will accept the proposition.

The whole male population of Cincinnati were in arms or working on the fortifications to defend the city against the Confederate army of Kentucky, under General Kirby Smith, who threatens both that city and Louisville.

Much anxiety existed in the New England States, and the Governors of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island were in council at Providence. Halleck had declined to call out the New York militia because he could not rely on them. However, the Federal cause was safe, for the Government clerks in Washington had commenced drilling! The draughting order had not yet been practically carried out anywhere. Large numbers of raw recruits were passing through New York for the seat of war.

The Confederate ram Merrimac No. 2 had been seen below Fort Darling, going in the direction of Newport. Arrangements had been made to receive her.

The Governor of Indiana had ordered all citizens between nineteen and forty-five years of age, residing in the border counties, to repel invasion.

DETAILS OF THE SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

A correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, writing from Centreville, on the 31st, describes the battle of Friday, the 29th, and Saturday, the 30th ult., at great length. Of the Friday's battle, he writes as follows:—

The first hour it was all artillery. Siegel was advancing battery after battery to this and that eminence, supporting each with a brigade, hearing the reports of scouts, sending cavalry now far to the right, now far to the left, gradually advancing his divisions in cover of hills upon which he had placed guns—in a word, feeling for the enemy, rapidly advancing, but cautiously, every step. The enemy did not make any sign—but not long. His artillery was compelled to answer ours, and, pressing on, we unearthened his infantry. There was a slight rattle, then a roar, of musketry. Mirroy, in the advance, had come square upon rebels in masses. Our line of battle was formed, Schurz having the right, Schenck the left, Mirroy the advance centre, Steinwehr the reserve centre. Just at this opening of the battle I saw from the hill from which Schurz was going into action, a column bearing down upon our right, and at first supposed them to be rebels. Unaccountably, they carried high over their heads sundry white flags, and appeared to march stragglingly, and it was soon seen they were unarmed.

They proved to be 634 prisoners taken by Jackson when he appeared at Manassas three days before, now released on parole. The enemy could not feed them, and would themselves starve unless reinforcements should push to them with supplies.

A little after Mirroy, Schurz became engaged. They drove the enemy a mile or more, and rested from outright fatigue. During this time Schenck had been engaged on the left, but not heavily. Tough old Heintzelman arrived at this juncture from Centreville with his old corps. Schurz was withdrawn for Kearny and Hooker to take his place. Reno arrived soon after from the same direction. Stevens' division of his corps marched to the left to support Schenck, and the attack was once more along the whole line. I should have stated that some time before the cessation Mirroy, after two hours of musketry and tornadoes, was driven back, much cut to pieces, and replaced by Steinwehr, who was assisted by Schenck at his left.

It was now one o'clock. Siegel's corps only had been engaged, and we had on the whole gained ground—at the right nearly a mile. It was reasonable to suppose that with the assistance of Reno and Heintzelman, and most of the day before us, we should utterly demolish the enemy. It has since appeared that simultaneously with our reinforcements he received larger ones. Longstreet's whole command, whose passage through Thoroughfare Gap Ricketts had disputed the day before, had now joined Jackson and Ewell, whom we had been fighting hitherto. Longstreet would naturally join Jackson at his right; it was upon our left, and occasionally our centre, that we were most severely pressed the remainder of the day. Up to this time Siegel had command of the field. He had made the dispositions before the fight, and conducted it successfully six hours. Pope arrived from Centreville about noon, and assumed command, but wisely and generously deferred to Siegel the rest of the day, as being best acquainted with the position. At two o'clock the fight was raging along the whole of the line terribly, musketry like Gaines' Mill, and artillery like Malvern Hills. There was not ten minutes' cessation at any one time for the next three hours. We advanced not a step; we retired not a step. The enginery of war—men, guns, and "villainous saltpetre," seemed equal, each side to the other. At five o'clock Schenck was ordered back from the left, and the artillery of that wing fell back to the next eminence. During the three hours there was scarcely a regiment of the three corps on the field that had not been into the thickest. Promptly and skilfully, as a command would become exhausted it would be replaced by another, but only for a brief rest, then to up and at it. The withdrawal of the left was not a giving up of the battle. Troops were pushed to the right, and a redoubt onset made there. Again the enemy was forced back. His left was swept upon his centre—we took him "endways." While the infantry fought those, our artillery—eleven batteries in line—played stunningly, each gun pointed well to the left, that no unlucky shell might harm a friend. We could move the rebels no further than their centre. Musketry in rolls, in crashes, sounded out of the spot of woods where our advance was stayed; how tenaciously the enemy held their ground I cannot hope adequately to express. How Schurz fought, ask any eyewitness of the conduct of his men, led by the orator fighter. It was six o'clock. The enemy not only held his centre, but advanced upon our left. It was critical. Fortunately, McDowell's corps appeared coming to our relief. Two brigades (Hatch's and Doubleday's) immediately met the enemy's advance upon our left, and, although suffering terribly, stayed him until dark. The day's work was ended. We had more ground than in the morning, but not so much as at noon.

Then he writes concerning the Saturday's battle:—

Waking in my fence-corner sleeping apartment at daylight on Saturday morning, I first walked to the summit of the hill to ascertain the position of affairs. Everything indicated a renewal of the battle. Already columns were marching in every direction, men at the left being brought to the right, and vice versa, being brought from front to rear, and from rear to front; Generals with staffs and body-guards riding over the field, each of course with a purpose, but to an eyewitness seeming, with the other movements, like "confusion worse confounded." Every few minutes a shell from our battery furthest to the left, replied to as often by guns whose smoke clouded in the far western horizon, made me question whether the enemy had not retreated. The day wore away until noon with a continuance of desultory shelling, General Pope the whole time on horseback giving orders, rapid and imperative, each carried instantly by a galloping aide, receiving reports from all parts of the field, and never detaining the messenger long for his reply from each eminence sweeping the position with his glass. He was evidently

ascertaining the position of the enemy, and determined to fight if he stood or if he ran. The division commanders were seeing that their men were provided with rations, made a difficult matter by the forced cross-marchings of the week, which prevented quartermasters from knowing where to conduct trains. For once red tape was summarily cut, and rations were issued to every unsupplied regiment from whatever stores were at hand. I heard Siegel say that crackers were "worth as much as muskets." Porter's corps had arrived on the ground at nine o'clock from Manassas, making five corps ready for action. The number of men comprised in these I should estimate at 60,000. Hooker's division had but 2441 men in the ranks, so terribly has it shrank by battle and disease.

In the order of battle for the day Heintzelman commanded the right, Porter the centre, M'Dowell the left, and Siegel, whose corps had borne the brunt the day before, the reserve. At ten Heintzelman advanced skirmishers into the wood on the right of the battle-field the day before, and found it only held by a few troublesome bushwhackers. Driving them back, large numbers of wounded were got off and passed to the rear.

I rode in with these skirmishers as far as I deemed prudent. At any rate, I got upon ground where the corpses attested the fighting of the day before. First I came upon bodies in blue; these were our fallen. Then there were those in blue mingled with others in grey and nondescript. That ground had been fought over. A little further they were all blue and nondescript; and there the bodies were thickest. Upon ground that I judged to be not over half an acre I counted seventy-nine bodies, dead and wounded. Advancing further still, I saw a Union soldier seized, not ten rods from me, and carried off by bushwhackers. I retired (in good order) satisfied that the enemy's loss exceeded our own. At two o'clock, by the movements of troops from right to left, I inferred that the positions of the enemy had been found in that direction. By this time our line was different from that of the day before. Our right was further advanced, our left withdrawn, so that we fronted almost to the south. At Bull Run, a year ago, we faced exactly south.

At three o'clock General Stevens attacked at the right, and soon after General Butterfield at the left. The enemy's shells seemed equally distributed along the whole line, and at each point of attack he met us with musketry. I was at General Siegel's head-quarters. That General was certain the enemy intended to turn one or the other of our flanks, and said we must ascertain which, or the result was, at the best, doubtful, for his scouts had just reported that Lee, with the entire remainder of the rebel army, had come up and assumed command. The scouts were correct. On Saturday we fought the whole rebel army. Posting myself in the centre, within view of both portions of the field where infantry was engaged, I could not determine which had the best of it. Evidently, but few troops were engaged, and I surmised that we were fighting merely to learn where lay the enemy's main force. At length our force at the right was driven back, and I thought General Pope had been outgeneraled when he moved men at an earlier part of the day from right to left.

A quarter of an hour later I wished he had moved a still greater proportion to the left. I have heard the musketry of the best-contested battles fought in Virginia, and I say unhesitatingly that the fire which broke out at the left and up to the centre was by far the heaviest of any. Talk of volleys, and rolls, and crashes! It was all these continually accumulating, piling upon each other in mighty swelling volume—the wrestle of rushing tornadoes, such as chaos may have known. From my position it seemed that artillery played from each of the cardinal points upon the devoted centre where I knew men were struggling. I could not see them struggling. The smoke of gunpowder prevented that; but I knew they were there, and I trembled for the result. A few minutes later Schurz, who was in reserve, was ordered to the left. Before he could get fairly into position M'Dowell and Porter were irretrievably broken. Their soldiers fought like brave men; if moments be reckoned by their intensity, they fought long as they surely did fight well. I doubt not they piled the ground with rebel slain. I believe there cannot be a man who heard or participated in that awful tragedy but counts the hour between half-past four and half-past five o'clock the severest fighting he ever knew. It was all at one point. Along the right half of the line the combatants seemed to desist in amazement at the struggle there. By half-past five it was apparent that we were beaten, outflanked by a concentration upon the left. Waggoners and stragglers about the hospitals scented the retreat, and soon trains of the former and streams of the latter could be seen making for the Bull Run bridges and fords. M'Dowell's and Porter's corps retired in comparative order. I use this term not as a mild but false paraphrase for "driven back," but because it covers the actual fact in the case.

I do not think there was a brigade that could not, as it came from the field, show its distinct regiments, or rather a nucleus of each regiment, to whose standard before it had marched a mile its scattered men gathered. Still there were several thousands hurrying pell-mell in advance of them toward Centreville, crowding the stone bridge and wading the stream. A dozen long wagon trains centered there, but there was little confusion among them; no desertion of wagons, but simply a jam, where each desired and pushed to be first. They were thus cool, notwithstanding a few shells burst among them. All this time the right was firm, and only at the calm discretion of its Generals. Unaccountably to me at the time, so soon as we fell back from the left the musketry almost entirely ceased. We were pursued by shells only. It is probable that the enemy dared not advance lest Heintzelman and Siegel should fall upon his flank as he should pass by them. Siegel had not had his fight out, nor had Heintzelman, and the enemy was hardly in condition for another battle immediately. It is possible, also, that Banks's corps was nearing the field—he was known to be at Manassas early in the day—and they may have seen his advance and been afraid. It was all done in two hours. Another corps upon the field would have frustrated that rush of overpowering numbers upon one point. Those numbers were so overpowering that they succeeded before men could be moved against them from any other part of the field. Franklin lay at Centreville, Sumner at Arlington Heights. Why had they not been sent to Pope five days before, as they were ordered, and as he expected?

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

The battle of Cedar Mountain, or Slaughter Mountain, as it is sometimes called, near Culpepper Courthouse, was fought on the 9th of August last, between General Banks's division of Pope's army of Virginia, said to have been 7000 strong, and a Confederate force estimated at 15,000, under Jackson and Ewell. It was one of the first encounters which occurred after General Pope opened the campaign in the "Old Dominion," of which so much was expected, and which has eventuated in such disastrous results. According to Federal accounts, the battle of Cedar Mountain was a Northern victory; the Confederates having retreated the next day, after asking permission to remove their dead and wounded. There are always two ways of telling a story, however, especially in matters connected with the American War; and, accordingly, the Confederates assert that they had the best of the encounter at Cedar Mountain, that they granted permission to their enemies to remove their killed and wounded, and that, having accomplished their object in crippling and checking Banks, they moved off to aid operations in another direction. Subsequent events would give at least a colour of truth to this last statement; but, however that may be, the subjoined is the account given of the affair by the artist who made the sketch from which our Engraving is taken, who was along with the Federal forces at the time, and who does not seem to claim more for the Federals than that they kept their ground:

"I send with this letter a sketch of the battle of Slaughter, or, as some call it, Cedar, Mountain. I will give you a description of the affair, or as much as I could see of it. On the morning of Saturday our cavalry advanced from their bivouac of the night before and found the enemy in force on the subsequent battle-ground. The cavalry, under command of General Bayard, took position behind the rise of ground near the clump of pine-trees shown in the centre of the picture. The morning was spent in watching the enemy and sending out reconnoitring parties on the enemy's right and left flanks. At about twelve o'clock the cavalry were formed in line of battle and brought forward at a trot to the crest of the hill, behind which they had been drawn up. On seeing the movement I immediately rode towards them, but was suddenly forced to halt by several shells thrown from a battery which the enemy that moment unmasked. They were thrown over the heads of the cavalry, and came uncomfortably near myself, so I turned about and took position by the side of Captain Knapp's battery of Parrott guns, which, being the only battery in position at the time, replied immediately, and, after firing about eight rounds, effectually silenced the enemy's guns, and (as was ascertained on Monday from one of the Secession Generals) killed a Lieutenant-Colonel of an infantry regiment supporting the battery. Their guns were in position at the foot of the mountain and on the right behind the strip of woods.

"At three o'clock skirmishing commenced. The cavalry again rode forward and were immediately fired on. The enemy opened with the battery in front of the house and clump of trees. The battery of heavy guns on the mountain was next unmasked, and in a few minutes several others. In short time several of our batteries were hotly engaged, replying mostly with shell. In a few minutes General Geary's brigade filed out of the woods in our rear and came over the hill past the batteries, the brigades of Generals Prince, Green, and Gordon coming close in the rear.

"They took position as follows:—Geary's brigade in a cornfield,

in front of the Union battery, on the right; Prince's, in front of Knapp's battery, on the right; Crawford's, in the wheat-field to the right across which he charged and lost a great part of his command; General Gordon was on the extreme right, and could not be seen from my point of observation; and General Green was on the left, beyond the farmhouse. After the cannonade had continued some time Generals Geary and Crawford charged upon two batteries on the right of the enemy's position—one near the white farmhouse and the other in the corner of the woods. Our boys fought like heroes; and, although met by an immense force of the enemy, they succeeded in driving him back through one piece of woods into the open field beyond. The fighting in this wood was most terrible; men fought bayonet to bayonet, and stubbornly contested every tree and bush. General Geary's brigade charged upon the battery in front of the white house, and, after a most terrible contest close to the guns, our forces fell back to their old position. The enemy, while this fight was going on, sent a large body of riflemen to silence our guns, but they were met with canister and grape. At every flash they fell on their faces, but were forced to fly at last, like a flock of sheep.

"The enemy soon advanced with an overpowering force, and, advancing their line of infantry to the knoll, near the centre and front of the pine-trees, opened a most destructive fire on Prince's and Geary's brigades, in the cornfield, in front of the batteries. Their left wing advanced again to the edge of the wood, through which our forces had once beaten them, and, outnumbering our men two to one, charged across the field, but were repulsed and kept at bay; and it was not until they had sent a large force on our flank, which came down through the woods, that our men fell back.

"It was now quite dark, and the firing ceased, except occasional volleys and stray shots. At about nine o'clock we were startled by the bang of a cannon close by, and a shell, quickly followed by others, which fell close to where I was standing, admonished spectators to change their base of observation. Our guns replied immediately, and, after firing until near twelve o'clock, drove them off with heavy loss. They left one caisson, eleven dead horses, and two dead Lieutenants, one with his head shot off, on a knoll, where they had a couple of guns in position.

"I forgot to mention that the enemy attacked General Prince's brigade in the cornfield. The General was taken prisoner, and two of his aides were severely wounded. The ground on Monday showed evidence of the severity of the fighting. About ninety dead bodies lay scattered among the growing corn. General Green's command was not in the thickest of the fight, although the enemy sent a large force against him; they came down along the slope of the hill on our left, but were driven back by shell from the guns on the left of the house. The enemy's move was probably a feint to draw our attention from their left, or else it was a very bungling affair. I omitted to mention that when we first came upon the ground the enemy's cavalry was drawn up on the edge of the woods, and a few stragglers could be seen on the crest of the open space in the extreme distance."

GENERAL CORCORAN.

We this week engrave a Portrait of General Corcoran, the Federal hero of the hour, who has been making a great sensation in New York and elsewhere since his release from a Southern prison, in which he had been confined ever since the first battle at Bull Run, fourteen months ago, on which occasion he was taken prisoner. Since his return to the North, Corcoran has been itinerating over the country, receiving ovations and making speeches intended to stir up the Irish to enlist, a course which of late they have shown a decided disinclination to follow. It is said, however, that the General's oratory has been more successful than his sword was at Bull Run, and that a very considerable body of recruits has been obtained in consequence of his appeals to his countrymen. We copy the following account of him from a New York journal:—"General Michael Corcoran was born in Ireland, but came to this country at a very early age. He engaged in various employments here, and at the time the war broke out was employed as a clerk in the New York post-office. He had always evinced a fondness for soldiering, and had risen, by his attention to drill and his devotion to the interests of the regiment, from the rank of private to that of Colonel of the 69th Regiment New York State Militia. He first rose into notice when the Prince of Wales was here, by refusing to turn out his regiment in honour of the nation's guest. His conduct at the time was the subject of severe animadversion, and he was even court-martialed for it. At the outbreak of the war Colonel Corcoran was one of the first Colonels who reported a regiment ready; and early in April, 1861, the gallant 69th marched down Broadway, New York, 1300 strong. They were stationed for some time on Arlington Heights, where they left a substantial token of their visit in the shape of Fort Corcoran. Their term of service expired on the 20th of July, and they were then entitled to return to their homes. But a battle was imminent, and, after a heart-stirring appeal from Colonel Corcoran, the entire regiment decided to see it out. At Bull Run they behaved with gallantry, and won the praise of their General. Unfortunately, in the retreat the Colonel got separated from his men and was taken prisoner. This was nearly fourteen months ago. During that time General Corcoran has endured privations of all kinds, in prison at Richmond, Charleston, Columbia, and Salisbury—suffering slights and insults beyond all imagination; badly fed, badly lodged, badly treated by brutal gaolers; constantly deluded by false promises of liberty, which were always broken. And now the gallant fellow is back with us again, and ready and eager to fight once more under the glorious old flag."

It is added that, "in consideration of his captivity and his heroism, the President has appointed him a Brigadier-General, his commission to date from the battle of Bull Run," that is, of course, the first battle of Bull Run, not the one fought near that place by General Pope on the 28th, 29th, and 30th ult.

WHO WOULD BE THE ROMANS?

UNDER the title of "What nation would consent to accept the situation of the Romans?" the Paris *Sédele* has a curious article, which adduces arguments to prove that no people in either the Old or the New World would assume the present position of the inhabitants of Rome:—

"Not France," it says, "which first laid its hand on the temporal possessions of the Pope by restoring Avignon to its proper nationality, and which had recourse to a revolution to obtain its religious and personal liberty; not England, which long since, and before any other nation, threw off the trammels of Pontifical rule; not the Germany of Luther—the Germany of the Thirty Years' War—the Germany which has sacrificed between two and three millions of men for religious reform; not Sweden, where the Papacy has left such odious reminiscences that the Swedes, outpassing the object in view, refuse liberty to Roman Catholics, so much in recurrence of Roman influence held in dread in that country. Spain might consent, it may be said—the ancient Spain of the monks and of the Inquisition. But that Spain no longer exists, it disappeared in the great international struggle of 1812, and all the others which have followed, from Mina down to Espartero and O'Donnell. Spain of the present day is still pious and Catholic, and undoubtedly is fond of religious pomp; but she also loves liberty, and would scarcely consent to exchange her old and her new franchises against the immobility of that Power which is still at the point of baptising by force the children of Jewish parents. Nor is there more likelihood of Russia agreeing to accept the position of Rome, since, although the Czar is head of the Russian Church, the temporal Prince takes precedence of the spiritual, and the doctrine of the Czar-Pontiff does not pretend to be immutable. Even Turkey, notwithstanding her fanaticism, has never accepted the dogma of the two powers in one person, and the Sultan, with all his authority, is not the real head of religion, since the Sheik-ul-Islam and the Imams constitute the religious power in Turkey. And that Power is infinitely more tolerant than the Roman authorities, as it sanctions the existence of churches of every denomination by the side of the mosques, whereas Rome has never consented to the erection of a mosque by the side of a church."

Proceeding then to America, the article shows that neither the inhabitants of the Northern States nor of the South would think of submission to priestly domination, that Mexico, Bolivia, Chili, La Plata, and even Paraguay, are strongly opposed to theocratical authority. In Asia, Japan, a thousand years ago, separated the temporal power from the spiritual. In China one half of the country has risen against the other on the pretext of freedom; and when the populations of India revolted against the English, it was not in the name of Buddha or Bramah, but of independence and nationality. In Africa, as in Asia, the spirit of progress advances steadily. Said Pacha yields to the influence of European ideas, and consents to the canal through the Isthmus of Suez. Madagascar encourages French ideas, and even the King of Dahomey accords something to modern civilisation. Ultramontane Rome alone insists on the *situs quo*, and refuses all reform. "For twelve

long years," says the article in terminating, "the world has been insisting that what is God's should be left to God, and what appertain to men, to men. The letter to Edgar Ney has not yet been executed, and Madame Mortana is still looking out for her son."

IRELAND.

"HONEST TOM STEELE."—The remains of O'Carroll's faithful and chivalrous companion Steele, have been removed from the vault in which they were deposited, near those of the chief for whom and for whose party he sacrificed everything. The vault, it seems, was wanted by a wealthy Alderman, and the Glasnevin Cemetery Company thought themselves justified in removing the coffin of "Honest Tom Steele," to make way for the family of a richer man.

MR. BRAIDFELL'S MURDERER.—In addition to the reward of £1000 promised in the proclamation of the Government, Mr. Sergeant Howley has issued a notice offering a reward of £250 to be paid to any person who will give him such private information as to where Hayes may be found, and £150 for the discovery of any person who has harboured him. The success with which the murderer has hitherto eluded the constabulary is, indeed, a remarkable example of the sympathy with criminals which the peasantry entertain, and their disregard of the danger which they incur in their determination to screen an outlaw, especially if he be a kinsman or a neighbour.

MORE THREATENING NOTICES.—A few days ago two threatening notices were received through the Post Office of Kilnallack by Mr. Smyth and Mr. Daly, the owners of thrashing machines, threatening them with the death of the late Mr. Fitzgerald if they hired them out. The notices also stated that the vigilance of the police, or the ingenuity of a most respectable magistrate who took a very active part in bringing to justice the murderers of Mr. Fitzgerald, would not prevent the writers of the notice from carrying their threat into execution if their mandate was not complied with.

SCOTLAND.

THE SCOTTISH EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—We understand (says an Edinburgh journal) that, in reliable quarters, it is thought the new code of canons which is in preparation for the Scottish Episcopal Church may be the means of dividing that communion. A large body of the clergy and laity, it is reported, intend to enter into relations with the Church of England if any other ritual than that of the Prayer-book is adopted.

HOW A HIGHLANDER CONTRIVES TO GET HIS "MORNING."—In several cases within a few days past a middle-aged Highlander in Aberdeen has practised successfully a rather ingenious dodge for obtaining his "morning drink" gratuitously. With an air of the most perfect innocence, he walks into the shop of some respectable licensed grocer pretty early in the morning, and when perhaps only one or two shopmen or lads are in the place. His first query is to ask, "Has Jamie Stuart been here?" On being answered in the negative, he resumes, "Ay, fat o'clock may ye be e'er in? Jamie shud a' been here to meet me or noo. Ye see we war speakin' o' buying a gallon o' spirits, an' he was to meet me here to sattle aboot it. Yell ha' guude speerts?" Of course the answer is affirmative, when Donald proceeds to say, "They would, maybe, lat 'm try half a gill." The half gill being produced and discussed with evident relish, he begins to get impatient for "Jamie Stuart," but suddenly asks, "Hae ye a bit jarrie?" "Yes." "Awed, jist ye pit in a gallon intil' t, an' he man be here the noo." While his order is being attended to he sailles to the door with the air of a man very anxious to catch sight of a missing companion. And this is the last sight the shopkeeper sees of him, unless, we believe, in one case, where he went back in an obfuscated state to meet "Jamie Stuart" a second time, but made a very quick retreat on discovering his mistake.

THE PROVINCES.

RELIGIOUS RIOT IN BRADFORD.—A firebrand of a fellow, calling himself Baron de Camin, who has already made himself unpleasantly known in the north of England by lecturing offensively against the Roman Catholic religion, has caused another riot—this time at Bradford. He was personally maltreated, and reprisals took place. Several persons have been judicially punished for participation. This is a free country, but the "Baron" somewhat abuses the liberty it offers.

TWO BROTHERS SUCCOATED IN A WELL.—Two brothers were suffocated in a draw-well near Sittingbourne, in Kent, on Sunday morning last. A pall had been dropped by their sister, and one of them going down to recover it was overcome by the mephitic vapour at the bottom and became insensible. His brother, going down to his relief, shared the same fate; and several of the neighbours, in their attempt to rescue both, had narrow escapes. Before either of the brothers could be recovered life was quite extinct.

MURDER IN LIVERPOOL.—A shocking murder took place at Liverpool on Monday afternoon. A dealer in old furniture some time ago extended his business by taking a second shop, which he intrusted to the management of his brother-in-law, an Irishman of the name of O'Donnell. After a time a dispute arose between the brothers-in-law as to the ownership of this second shop, O'Donnell claiming to be proprietor, and on the other asserting his right by sending bailiffs to turn him out of the place O'Donnell became infuriated, rushed into a neighbouring shop and snatched up a carving-knife, with which he returned and stabbed one of the bailiffs in possession, who died soon afterwards. The murderer was at once taken into custody.

EXTRAORDINARY HOUSEBREAKING IN BIRMINGHAM.—On Saturday evening two burglars broke into the house of Mr. Powis, 17, Howard-terrace, Vyse-street, Birmingham, when there was no one in the house but Mrs. Powis, and, surprising her in the sitting-room, tied her hands and feet tightly together, and, running a cord through those already tied, fastened her to the leg of the sofa. Mrs. Powis became insensible from fright, and was found in this state on her husband's return after twelve o'clock. The house presented an extraordinary appearance—the rooms ransacked and a quantity of wearing apparel packed up for removal, while the cashbox was broken open and a £100 Bank of England note abstracted.

THE QUEEN IN GERMANY.—The intelligence from Reinhardtsbrunn, where the Queen is at present residing, represents her Majesty to be in the enjoyment of excellent health and taking daily exercise in the beautiful country around the castle. The Prince of Wales and his betrothed, with her father, have proceeded on a visit to her Majesty. They took leave of the King of the Belgians on Tuesday, and were accompanied to the railway station by the youthful Prince of the Belgian Court.

THE EMPEROR AND THE ROMAN QUESTION.—A Turin correspondent writes as follows, under date of Sept. 9:—"Not only does the Emperor refuse to make the least concession to the dearest aspirations of the Italians—Rome, but he refuses even to discuss the question or to explain the motives which induce him to maintain the status quo. Neither M. Nigris nor the Ministers favourable to Italy, nor Prince Napoleon himself, have been able to obtain from him the slightest explanation. His response to all has been as laconic and explicit:—"I cannot withdraw my troops from Rome." It is impossible to get another word from the Emperor, except that he has signified that he did not wish to be spoken to on the subject during his visit to Biarritz. This desire has been notified, in rather sharp terms, to the Italian Government from three different quarters. You will easily conceive that this creates a situation for the Rattazzi Government which it will be almost impossible for them to maintain. After sacrificing to the French alliance their sympathies, their sentiments, their old friendships, their popularity, their reputation for independence; after sacrificing to Garibaldi and his brave comrades; after jeopardising, in a certain measure, the popularity of the King himself, there was reason to expect better dispositions on the part of the Imperial Government—that Government which could by word establish tranquillity in the peninsula and draw a veil of oblivion over the disasters of the last few days. There is still some hope that the dispositions of the Imperial Government will be modified, and it is with this hope that M. Rattazzi and his colleagues still remain in the Government. They are encouraged to remain by that fraction of the French Government which is favourable to Italy, and which has not yet withdrawn."

SYMPATHY WITH GARIBALDI.—In compliance with a numerously-signed requisition, the Mayor of Sunderland (Mr. Cardish) convened and presided at a public meeting, which was held on Monday in the Lyceum Theatre, Lambton-street, to express sympathy with the patriot hero under his present temporary defeat, and to protest against the continued occupation of Rome by the Emperor of the French. The meeting was fixed for half-past seven o'clock, but long before that hour the theatre was filled, and though it is the largest place in the borough, it was crowded to the doors when the speakers appeared on the platform. The proceedings throughout were of a most enthusiastic description. The committee appointed at the meeting held on Saturday have decided to hold the first public meeting on Thursday night, at the Whittington Club, Arundel-street, Strand. All the metropolitan members will be invited to attend, as well as other popular representatives and well-known friends of Garibaldi and Italian liberty. Steps are also being taken towards the getting up of a subsequent meeting in the city of London, either at Guildhall or elsewhere, according to circumstances. Some of the inhabitants of Rochdale, likewise, are endeavouring to get a public meeting called by the Mayor of that borough. In Bristol it is proposed to send out a box of linen and other articles which may be useful or convenient in the prison chamber of the wounded hero. Such mark of sympathy from those who esteem and admire the devoted patriot cannot, it is thought, fail to be not only acceptable but soothing to his feelings in his adversity. Meetings are also being held in various other places, including London, for a similar purpose. It is stated that Mr. Gilpin, M.P., has written to the General, inviting him to take up his residence with him in the event of his being permitted, under any circumstances, to come to England.

THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.—Considerable progress has already been made with this great and important work. It is only a fortnight since operations were commenced opposite Montague House, Whitehall, and already from that place to Waterloo-bridge large numbers of piles have been fixed. On Monday several lighters were placed opposite Somerset House, and the work of pile-driving commenced in that part of the river.



VIEW ON THE CANAL, ANTWERP.

ANTWERP.

All England has been gratified by the welcome news of the betrothal of the Prince of Wales to his future bride, and no little public interest has followed those journeys which they have taken in company to some of the places which have held a prominent position in the history of the world. Brussels, its picturesque buildings and quaint old streets, its art-galleries and charming environs; the field of

Waterloo, from which, happily, almost all evidence of the terrific struggle which its name recalls has been effaced; a score of places, all of them claiming the attention of the young Prince and Princess, have been visited, and much still remained to be seen; for the old cities of Belgium form a grand historic chain not a link of which could be missed in the great drama of which they are the lasting monument. The second of these, and perhaps the first in importance,

will doubtless claim a visit from the Royal party before the auspicious journey is complete. Standing where the Scheldt forms the segment of a circle, of which the walls of the city form the arc, Antwerp is one of the finest, and perhaps the most interesting, of all the cities of the Low Countries, since it not only contains in its public edifices enduring records of some of the most stirring events in the former history of Europe, but possesses numerous magnificent works of art.

The cathedral itself is one of the finest Gothic structures in the world, 500ft. long, 230ft. wide, and 360ft. high. Like most of these magnificent works, it was the work of years, having been commenced in 1122, under the superintendence of Amelius, and requiring nearly a century for its completion. The peculiarity of Antwerp Cathedral is its freedom from those glittering ornaments which frequently deface European churches, and the simple grandeur of its immense nave and the beautiful spire, which rises to the height of 466ft.

The tower contains eighty-two bells, one of which, now no longer used, weighs 16,800 pounds. From the summit of the tower an extensive view of the surrounding country may be obtained, including, indeed, the whole course of the Scheldt, from the islands at its mouth down to the sea. The pictures in the church, especially those of Rubens, are in a fine state of preservation. Besides the cathedral there are the churches of St. Jacques, where the great painter is buried, in a sepulchre of black marble; St. Paul, which also contains a valuable collection of pictures; St. Augustine (with its magnificent carved pulpit), St. Andrew, and St. Charles Borromeo, formerly belonging to the Jesuits, and notable as having been the hospital for the British soldiers after the Battle of Waterloo. Antwerp has, of course, an academy of the fine arts, as is meet for a city which has produced so many eminent painters. It is held at the Museum, in the Convent des Recollets, where a magnificent collection of pictures is preserved. Amongst the principal public places are a fine theatre, the Royal Atheneum, the Botanical and the Zoological Gardens, and public library. At the southern end, on the river, there stands the wonderful fortress constructed by the abominable Alva, in 1567, while the other fortifications are both extensive and elaborate. On the southwest side of the river, where the stream is 440 yards wide and nearly forty feet deep, there are only forts and the building of the railway station. The head of the estuary is about fourteen miles distant, and thence to the open sea, off Flushing, is about thirty miles. Perceiving its value as a port, Napoleon constructed, at the northern end of the city, costly dockyards and basins; the former were destroyed, however, upon his fall from power, and only the enormous basins remain.

The quays of Antwerp fronting the river form a delightful promenade, and from between the elm-trees with which it is planted the grand old city, with its rich towers and lofty spires, has a strikingly beautiful appearance. There is no lack of trees in Antwerp. It lies half embowered, but though there are many fine public squares and broad highways, most of its quaint old streets are narrow and winding.

Antwerp is a city of the past, however; it reached its culmination in the sixteenth century, when it had a population of 200,000, and was one of the chief marts of Europe. At the peace of Westphalia, in 1648, a clause introduced by the Dutch into the treaty closed the navigation of the Scheldt, and the population of the city fell off to 50,000. In 1794, however, the French reopened the navigation and dismantled the forts. Since the peace of 1815 both the trade and population have very greatly increased, the number of inhabitants being now nearly 100,000, while steamers both by river and canal from foreign ports and to adjacent cities, as well as ample railway communication, facilitate a growing commerce.

THE FUTURE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

THE nuptials of the King of Portugal and Princess Maria Pia, daughter of Victor Emmanuel, will be immediately celebrated; and, indeed, Prince Napoleon, with Princess Clotilde, the sister of the Royal bride, left Paris on Tuesday in order to be present on the occasion.

Maria Pia, youngest of the five children of his Majesty, was born on the 16th of October, 1847, and enjoys the distinction of being a goddaughter of the Pope, to whom she last week sent a letter by Signor Stellardi, the Almoner of King Victor Emmanuel, announcing her approaching marriage with the King of Portugal. The Princess Clotilde - Marie Thérèse Louise, her eldest sister, was born on the 2nd of March, 1843, and was married to Prince Napoleon on the 30th of January, 1859. Of the brothers of the bride, Humbert - Renier Charles Emmanuel Jean Maria Ferdinand Eugène, Prince of Piedmont, was born on the 14th of March, 1844; Prince Amédée-Ferdinand Marie, Duke of Aoste, on the 30th of May, 1845; and Prince Othon-Eugène-Maria, Duke of Montferrat, on the 11th of July, 1846.

The following are the principal conditions of the contract of marriage between the King of Portugal and the Princess Maria Pia:—1. The sum allowed by the King of Portugal to his Consort is to be 60 contos de reis (350,000f.) per annum; 2. the guarantee for the payment is his Majesty's civil

PRINCESS MARIA PIA OF ITALY, THE FUTURE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DURONI AND MURER, TURIN.)

list; 3. if the Princess of Italy become a widow she shall be allowed a handsomely-furnished palace in addition to the allowance; but, if she goes to a foreign country to live, shall receive the allowance only; and, 4. if the King becomes a widower, without children, all the personal property of the Princess shall revert to her own family."



THE FATAL FIRE AT THE LIVERPOOL WORKHOUSE.

WE last week announced that a large portion of the Liverpool Workhouse had been destroyed by fire, and that a large number of children, about seventeen, besides two or three adults, had perished. Later information shows that the calamity was unhappily little, if at all, exaggerated, the lives lost having been about the number stated above. We now print an Engraving showing the state of the ruins of the church after the conflagration.

While the exertions of all were sedulously directed to unavailing efforts for saving the lives of those who, alas! had passed beyond the reach of human aid, the fire made rapid progress in the destruction of the church. Soon after three o'clock the interior was one mass of flames, which streamed through the windows and through the roof, shooting high into the air. About this hour the church presented an enormous but grand mass of flame from the floor to the top of the spire, throwing a lurid glare all over the sky, the extraordinary conflagration presenting a picturesque as well as an appalling spectacle, which was visible from a great distance. Shortly before four o'clock some portions of the steeple supports began to give way; the spire itself vibrated considerably, and in a moment afterwards it reeled and fell with a tremendous crash, carrying with it large portions of the roof and interior timbers, including the floor and all the consumable materials within the edifice down to the school-rooms underneath. With this the fire gradually declined, and was at length extinguished, that in the dormitory having been previously mastered.

After the fire had been subdued, the ruins presented a ghastly appearance. The dormitory roof was completely destroyed, as was also a large portion of the floor and the central staircase. The portions of the floor which remained were covered with partially burned bedding, and among the wreck the charred and disfigured remains of the unhappy victims of the flames. Some of these were horribly mutilated, having evidently been smashed by the falling débris. In the dormitory the bedsteads were all of iron, and in one row of these lay fourteen bodies of lifeless children charred and blackened, and partially covered with fragments of the roof. The church, which used to present a pleasing feature of the general mass of buildings, is completely gutted; its walls burst and torn by the heat and the weight of the falling timbers, and its taper spire consumed and broken.

The fever hospital workhouse is situated in pretty close proximity to the dormitory and the church, and at one time lively fears were entertained for the safety of this portion of the establishment. Active preparations were immediately made for removing the numerous patients which were in the hospital, in case of danger arising from the fire; but, fortunately, the precautions taken were not required, as the fire did not reach it.

ALPINE-CLIMBING.

A PRIVATE letter just received from Chamonix describes recent glacier adventures in that neighbourhood:—"Since the 6th inst., there has been, in consequence of the favourable change in the weather, a rush of travellers—Russians, Germans, French, English, and Americans—to this charming locality. For a fortnight the weather has been most capricious; here, as in other parts of Switzerland, heat and cold, sun and rain, have been most provokingly coqueting with each other. However, for a week or ten days, the weather has been, with slight variations, beautifully fine, and the hotels and their dependencies have consequently been most disagreeably crammed with tourists. Mont Blanc has looked glorious and grand during the last week. In the present season there have been twelve ascents of the 'Monarch of Mountains' without an accident. In consequence, however, of a recent and heavy fall of snow on the whole range of mountain peaks, the members of the Alpine Club and other adventurous and ambitious tourists have not thought it prudent to attempt the summit of Mont Blanc. A few days back, regardless of the fall of snow, two plucky young gentlemen (sons of Dr. Forbes Winslow), accompanied by guides, ventured to ascend the mountain, but only succeeded in reaching the Grands Mulet, returning to Chamonix late on the same evening. Any further ascents of Mont Blanc on that day would have been extremely dangerous, in consequence of the great fall of snow that had taken place on the previous night. An accident occurred within the last week in this neighbourhood which providentially did not result in sad loss of valuable life. Mr. Longman, the well-known London publisher, was crossing, with his son, F. W. Longman, one of the glaciers between Chamonix and the Tête Noire. Suddenly young Longman disappeared from the group. An immediate and anxious search was made for him. The guides were not long in discovering that the unfortunate gentleman had fallen down a deep crevasse. One of the guides being tied by a rope was lowered into the crevasse,



VIEW OF THE RUINS OF THE CHAPEL AFTER THE FIRE AT THE LIVERPOOL WORKHOUSE.

and on reaching Mr. Longman seized him by the collar of his coat, and they were both pulled up a portion of the way. The horror of his father can well be conceived when he saw the guide come to the surface of the ice alone. He was able to drag Mr. Longman up a certain height, but in consequence of his great weight he was obliged to let go his hold, Mr. Longman falling still deeper into the crevass. A rope and strap were then lowered to Mr. Longman, and he was requested to place the latter round his body. This, he replied, he was unable to do, in consequence of the benumbed state of his hands. The other and stronger gun then descended by means of the rope into the crevasse, and happily succeeded in bringing Mr. Longman safe to the surface, very little, if at all, injured. A fatal accident occurred to a youth whilst crossing the Gemmi. The mule on which he was riding slipped over the side of the road, and the unhappy young man (a peasant's son) was hurled down a freightful height and dashed to pieces. At Geneva the weather has been wet for nearly three weeks. Notwithstanding the rain all the hotels have been crowded. At Zermatt for a short period the weather has been favourable, and the Riffle and Gürner Grät have had a succession of visitors. At Thun and Interlaken the wet weather has greatly interfered with the enjoyment of travellers. Many tourists are going into Italy, hoping to run into fine weather and to bask in warm and sunny days. Very few Americans are travelling in Switzerland this year, and nearly all of these are Northerners. Among the present visitors at Chamonix are Lord and the Hon. Miss Stanley, Lord Cranbourne and suite, Princess Catherine Drouot-Koy, Lord Pelham, Count de Polbone (Tarin), Lady Rosslyn, Sir Patrick Keith Murray, &c."

ASSAULT ON THE MADONNA AT TURIN.

A TURIN correspondent gives an amusing account of the cause which led to an attack by a man armed with a hatchet on the image of the Madonna, at St. John's Church, Turin. An annual religious procession was being made from the Cathedral to Superga—a spot famous in Piedmontese history—when the attack was made.

Towards eleven o'clock in the morning of Monday week the annual ceremony was in full progress. Mass had been sung, and the procession was issuing in good order from the main door of the cathedral, a great crowd of people thronged both the inside of the church and the square before it—for, whatever reason the Piedmontese and the Italians in general may have to quarrel with their priests, their churches, especially on grand gala days, continue to have their wonted attraction—when a frantic old man forced his way through the densely-packed multitude, rushed up to the spot where, under her gorgeous canopy, the image of the Madonna waited to close the holy pageantry, and, drawing from under his clothes short hatchet, dealt with it stroke after stroke upon the gaudily-dressed statue, hewing the head and one arm of the Divine infant to the ground, and hacking the Blessed Mother herself in various places. The image was of silvered brass, but it would hardly have withstand the savage fury of the man's blows, and must have all come to fragments, had not a cavalier who was present, and whose duty it was to keep order, intervened further mischief by telling the sacrilegious boor to the ground by one stroke of his broadsword.

The man was on the ground, and the police officers had a safe grip of him, but he was not to come off on such easy terms. The mob of traitors were upon him on all sides, and, although the police guards and the condottieri strenuously exerted themselves to screen the bleeding wretch from a further harangue, they only succeeded in dragging him away in the worst possible plight, after he had been pommelled and pounded to everybody's heart's content. Had the myrmidons of the law been less active and zealous in his defence, the intrepid rabble would most certainly have torn him limb from limb.

It is rather interesting to read the account given of this "horrible atrocity" by the cabled papers, and to hear their loud appeals to "God's justice" in this sorrowful matter. The *Ironmonger* comes forth in all its strength: "Turin, all Piedmont, all Italy, all Christendom, are struck with horror and dismay." It is "impossible to describe the screams, the walls, the confusion which rose in that vast, full, church" at sight of that dire calamity. A thought glanced through the mind of every one present that such an "unheard-of crime" was only the signal for a great slaughter, of which every man, woman, and child of the numerous congregation was to be a victim." All was "confusion and terror." "It was like a rehearsal of doom-day!"

What are the real circumstances of the case? The author of the "horrible profanation" was a poor cracked fanatic, an old man of strong devout feelings, an assiduous attendant at church, an observer of all religious duties, and particularly addicted to the worship of the plated brass image whose mutilation by his hand the day before yesterday made the hair of so many good Turines stand on end, and to which, with a large number of his townsmen, he ascribed more than divine attributes and miraculous powers. Besides his devotion to the Virgin, the man had, however, another ruling passion—he was a desperate gambler at the public lottery; indeed, it seems he managed to reconcile and combine these two uppermost feelings of his heart, and made his religious zeal subservient to his eager hope to improve his position in the world by some sudden stroke of good fortune. It was for the Madonna to help him. All persons conversant with the manners and usages of the lowest classes in Italy are aware of the faith gamblers at the public lottery put in the power of certain persons, interpreters of dreams, seers of visions, gypsies, soothsayers, maniacs, and, more especially, priests, Capuchin monks, and hermits, to supply them with a lucky ticket with the actual numbers sure to issue from the urn on any given occasion. The image-breaker of last Monday placed his reliance, not in any mortal aid, but in the patronage of the Deity itself—i.e. of the Virgin, whose brazen effigy was, in his fond conceit, not only the "Queen of Heaven" herself, but all that mankind hold sacred above the clouds. For hours and hours daily the blind bigot used to kneel at the Virgin's shrine, not praying that God's will be done on earth as it is in heaven, but that the bountiful Mother should reward the long faithfulness of her old admirer by vouchsafing him a *terzo sorto* (three numbers to be played for dead gain or loss). His prayer was heard at last, his wish was granted. A scrap of paper with the three lottery numbers was shortly afterwards found hanging on the drapery of the shrine at the Virgin's feet. Whether this gift was a clear manifestation of Divine favour, or a rough trick of a cunning priest, or of a lay *mouquin piazzista*, I leave it for the reader to decide. What is certain, however, is that the man was out of his senses with delight; that he ran home, pawned all his valuables, scraped together all the money he could, and staked it all on his lucky heaven-fallen ticket. Of course not one of his numbers came out. His faith in his idol's omnipotence, or in its honesty, was shaken; his love was soured into hatred, and he vowed he would have his revenge. The consequences were such as are narrated above. When the broken-pated, bleeding wretch was safely lodged in the station-house he made a clean breast of the cause which had urged him to his strange act of impiety, and protested that he had been "taken in" by the Madonna, and would not stand the shameful imposition.

AN IMPERIAL BULL-FIGHT.—A letter from Biarritz gives the following account of a bull-fight at Bayonne last week, at which the Emperor and the Empress of the French were present:—"Their Majesties were loudly cheered as they passed through the streets of Bayonne to the circus. When the Imperial visitors had taken their seats, the whole personnel of the establishment went in procession round the arena and saluted their Majesties. El-Tato, the first espada, then knelt, and asked the Emperor's order to commence the performance. His Majesty accordingly threw him the key of the stalls in which the bulls are kept, and the sport began. The first bull was brought down by El-Tato after a rather sharp struggle; the performer missed his blow the first time, but killed the animal the second. The next bull was a still more formidable antagonist, for immediately on entering the arena it tossed a picador and his horse into the air, and both fell stunned and bleeding to the ground. Neither man nor horse, however, was much hurt, and both were removed before the bull could attack them again. The second espada now entered the lists, but, as the bull was a most formidable adversary, the public insisted on El-Tato being sent to give the final blow. This demand was not acceded to, and the espada, apparently disconcerted by the clamour, made two ineffective attempts before he killed the animal. The scene was still more dramatic when the third bull was let loose. El-Tato entered the arena this time, and when he was about to deal the fatal blow the bull lowered its head, the sword missed the mark, and El-Tato was knocked down. The picadors and banderilleros rushed to his aid, and drew off the bull's attention till he recovered his feet. The struggle then recommenced, and the tauromachus displayed a courage and coolness which were loudly applauded. When the bull was pursuing him with great fury he suddenly stopped, stooped, and regarded the beast with a steady gaze, which seemed to fascinate it. The two antagonists stood thus facing each other for some seconds, after which El-Tato drew himself up and dealt one of his famous blows, which felled the bull to the ground. The fight was hailed with repeated rounds of applause. Three more bulls were afterwards let loose and killed without any remarkable incident.

THE NATIONAL FESTIVAL OF RUSSIA.—The national festival of Russia on the occasion of the thousandth anniversary of the establishment of that empire was celebrated a few days back by the Russian fleet at Villafranca, when General Corrard, Prefect of the Alpes-Maritimes, the Mayor of Villafranca, as well as a number of Russians of distinction who inhabit Nice, were present. A mass was performed by the Chaplain of the frigate *Grand Admiral*, and a "Te Deum" sung by a chorus of sailors, after which the Admiral invited all the guests and his officers to a splendid banquet. The health of the Emperor Alexander was proposed by the Prefect, to which the Admiral replied by proposing that of Napoleon III. Toasts to the French and Russian armies were also exchanged by General Corrard and the commander of the frigate.

EXPERIMENTS AT SHOEBOURNESS.

ON Tuesday some important and very interesting experiments were made at Shoeburyness, in the presence of the Duke of Somerset, the Lords of the Admiralty, and the members of the Plate and Ordnance Select Committee. The first trial made was with the celebrated "Horsfall" or "Mersey" gun, as it is termed indifferently, and which, after one or two trials a long time back, has lain neglected at Portsmouth until now. This monster gun is capable of throwing a 300lb. spherical shot, and is therefore nearly double the size of the Armstrong 150-pounder which we ought such laying on the old Warrior target this spring. Since that experiment has been redirected to this gun, and the Admiralty gave it a final trial on Tuesday against a target constructed to represent a section of the Warrior's broadside—namely, a mass of 43-inch armour-plates, bolted to 18-in. oak deck in beams of 9in. thick, laid transversely. The first shot was conclusive as to the enormous power of this formidable wrought-iron gun. It was laid at the usual distance of 200 yards from the target, and loaded with a charge of 75lb. of powder and 270lb. solid shot. The result of its first discharge was sufficient to render all further experiments unnecessary. The shot smashed a clear hole through armour-plate and timber backing, piercing the target through and through—a result which every one on the ground fully expected. No matter what may be the thickness of the plates which iron-eased frigates can carry consistently with their safety as seagoing vessels, artillery can always be made to pierce them. Heavy shot and high velocity—in other words, heavy shot and heavy charges of powder—will smash through even 6-inch plates like glass; and we have yet to learn, with our new ironides of the Minotaur class, whether even 5-in. plates can be used in ships with safety to their seaworthiness. This much the many experiments at Shoeburyness have elicited with certainty with regard to the iron plates; and, as regards the ordnance to be used against them, all trials point to one conclusion, which is that the old smooth-bore gun has a more destructive effect on armour-plates than any rifled cannon, and that of all conspicuous rifled cannon Sir William Armstrong's is one of the least effective against these targets. The difference in the destructive effect of smooth-bore over rifled projectiles is exactly the difference between their initial velocity—or, in plain terms, the speed at which they travel after leaving the gun. With smooth bores it is at the rate of some 1700ft. per second, with rifled shot about 1150ft.; and, as each of these projectiles has to be stopped dead in the fraction of a second by the iron target, it naturally follows that the one which is travelling fastest does the most mischief. If the trial, however, were made at ranges of 2000 or 2500 yards, the result would be precisely reversed, as the target at that distance would still find the rifled shot travelling its 1150ft. per second, while that from the smooth-bore would have fallen off to 400ft. per second, or even less. The trial of the Horsfall gun, therefore, at the short range on Tuesday excited but a small amount of interest, comparatively speaking, as from the results of all previous experiments it was known to a certainty that the target must be pierced. The second, and by far the most interesting, trials were made with the Whitworth 12-pounder field gun and the 70-pounder naval gun, with the view of testing the penetration of Whitworth's flat-fronted hardened shells against armour-plates. All shells of whatever kind hitherto tried against armour plates have failed to produce the least effect upon them. They have always broken like so many glass bottles, merely injuring the target with the flame of their explosion. So constant and invariable were these results that it was taken as an established fact that vessels coated with 2½ inch, or even 3-inch armour-plates, would suffice to keep out any shell. As is only shell which is dreaded in naval warfare, the Danish, Prussian, and Russian Governments have each built gun-boats covered with 2½ in. armour, confident that this is sufficient to protect their crews against all but solid shot. For the first time Mr. Whitworth, on Tuesday, proved the complete fallacy of this theory. The first trial was made with the 12-pounder, which sent its flat-fronted solid shot completely through an iron plate 2½in. thick no slight result, when we consider the lightness of the projectile. The next trial was made with shell fired from the same rifled 12-pounder against a target of 2-in. armour plate, with a backing of oak beams nearly 11in. in thickness. The shell, with a bursting charge of 1lb. 11oz. of powder, passed through both plate and backing, and buried itself in the earth beyond. The next, with a charge of 1lb. 11oz. of powder, also passed through the plate, but burst in and shattered the timber backing behind. This showed conclusively that the foreign gun-boats which have been built with a 2½in. iron casting are vulnerable to Whitworth hardened projectiles, even when fired from as light a gun as his 12-pounder. This result, unexpected as it was, was surpassed by that obtained with the 70-pounder naval gun when fired with shell against a stronger target. This target was constructed of armour-plates bolted upon an oak frame 9in. thick, attached by a side framing to a buck of oak 4in. thick, coated over with 2in. wrought iron. The interval between the front and back frames was between 2ft. and 3ft., the target being intended to represent the side of a ship. The shell weighed, when charged, 79lb., and contained 2lb. 6oz. of powder. This, fired with a charge of only 12lb. of powder, passed through both plate and backing, and burst inside the frame, shattering it to pieces. This startling result, it should be remembered, was obtained, not by a gun of unusually weight or calibre, but with one weighing something less than the naval smooth-bore 95wt. gun, and with a charge of powder of only one-sixth the weight of the projectile. Since Mr. Whitworth pierced the sides of the floating battery Trusty with the same kind of gun, no such satisfactory trials have been made at Shoeburyness. If the two great inventors, Sir William Armstrong and Mr. Whitworth, would only consent to a compromise, and Sir William use Mr. Whitworth's hexagonal mode of rifling and Mr. Whitworth allow it to be used with guns made on Sir William's coil principle and with Sir William's breech, England would possess ordnance which might defy the iron fleets and iron forts of all the world. As it is, both guns are now admitted to possess attributes of perfection which the other lacks, the balance of merits for general purposes being, on the whole, decided with that of Sir William Armstrong.

ARCHBISHOPRIC OF CANTERBURY.—A correspondent of an Edinburgh paper writes:—"It is confidently stated that Dr. Tait, the present Bishop of London, who it is well known is a native of Edinburgh, is to be elevated to the see of Canterbury. Should such prove true, the lines spoken in an epilogue by Richard Burbage, at the Globe Theatre, in 1601, may, in connection with the subterranean roundways through London, be said to be literally fulfilled:—

A seat on King? The Bipping state
That day none has a cricht.
When ev'ry shall be, why, when you'll see
That day it will be found.

At Sack not? In time a Sack will prate
The Sack down, through London town,
Shall burrow under ground?

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Next week will be one of considerable special attraction at this favourite place of resort. On Tuesday a combined popular monster fête, on behalf of Mr. Strange, the refreshment contractor, will be given, which will include all the usual as well as other unusual novelties. Böldin will display his powers on the long rope over the fountains. The popularity of this unique performer continues unabated: in himself he is sure to draw a host of visitors, but especially on the present occasion, when Leotard is also to make an appearance at the Crystal Palace. A series of trapezoids have been fixed in the centre transept, upon which the latter will be enabled to exhibit his daring flights on a far more extended scale than at any of his previous exhibitions. All the great fountains will be played; the Rocky Mountain wonders and the Etoile family will entertain the holiday folks; and, with a balloon ascent by Mr. Coxwell, military bands, &c., such combination of attractions will be given, from morning until night, as must render it one of the great days of the present great season.

THE NEW POACHING ACT.—This measure has been discovered to be seriously defective. It is doubtful, from the wording of the statute, whether a policeman, to carry out its provisions, can go a step beyond the county, borough, or place to which he is appointed. The right of search, also, is said to be restricted to any highway, street, or public place, so that if a poacher is on private land he cannot be touched. If he sees a policeman coming towards him on the highway he has only to get on the other side of the hedge into a field, and he cannot be molested.

THE MAIN-DRAINAGE WORKS FOR THE EAST OF LONDON.—On Monday the contractors commenced operations in Old-street-road, St. Luke's, in connection with the great Middle-level Sewer through Shoreitch, which will come out at Old-street. In the High-street a connection is being made simultaneously with the main line of sewer from Bethnal-green, so as to continue the system through Old-street, via Wilderness-row and Clerkenwell, to Bloomsbury, where it will unite with the western main drainage at Oxford-street. The works at the East London end present some formidable engineering difficulties.

EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCE.—An inquiry was held at the Townhall, Guildford, last week touching an occurrence which has created a good deal of excitement in the neighbourhood—viz., the death of a boy named James Keene, aged twelve years. On the previous evening deceased and another boy, named Bendall, had been washing a chaise together belonging to Mr. Hart, Guildford, and when the job was finished they went to Mr. Hart's stables. About ten minutes afterwards the report of a gun was heard in the stable, and Bendall, when spoken to immediately after at the stable door, stated that Keene had shot himself and afterwards placed the gun in the cupboard. A surgeon was called in, but the death of Keene must have been instantaneous. Suspicion naturally fell on Bendall, and this was so far confirmed by the medical evidence, according to which the deceased had received a wound extending from the neck into the mouth, causing a fracture of the lower jaw, driving the whole of the teeth into the neck, and destroying the roof of the mouth on the left side. He could not have placed the gun back after such a wound. Subsequently, however, Bendall admitted having placed the gun back himself, and one of the jury, a practical gun-maker, remarked that it was possible the gun might have gone off from part of the composition being on the nipple without another cap being placed on it, and he knew gunmaker who lost his fingers in this manner. It also appeared that the two boys had always been on the best of terms with each other, and, in particular, on the day in question had not been quarrelling or had any words with each other. The verdict of the jury was, "That the deceased James Keene came by his death from a gunshot wound, but how and by whom it was inflicted there was no evidence to show."

THE HARVEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

A few days will now bring us to the close of the harvest. In the southern parts of the country the crops have already been housed in the midland counties the work is nearly finished, and even in the northern districts it is anticipated that the end of this month will see the year's stock of wheat secured. It is natural to inquire with what results this work has been conducted, and what accounts are to be given of the harvest of 1862. We believe the results are unexpectedly favourable, and that we have good cause to be thankful for the fruits of the season. Yet, when we come to figures, or endeavour to express in any definite language the value of this year's products as measured against those of former years, it is hard to attain anything like accuracy. In the absence of any system of agricultural statistics, even the facts themselves must be derived mainly from inference or necessarily loose computation; but the mere facts are not sufficient. A greater yield of corn, for instance, may mean in reality not that the earth has been more productive than usual, but that a greater breadth of land was sown with wheat. To institute a fair comparison, we ought to match acre against acre, and even then it would be wrong to omit conditions of drainage and manuring. Agricultural science has now made such progress that we expect increased crops from a given surface of land irrespectively of the accidents of the season. When, therefore, we talk of an "average" crop, and represent any particular harvest as being above that average or below it, we are using a term which requires some preliminary definition. On the whole, however, we think it will be found that the question is one of weather exclusively.

We believe that the present year's yield is not quite an average crop, but it is very little short of that mark. It is not so good a crop as was anticipated in the middle of May, but it is a much better one than was expected in the middle of July. A wet, cold, and tempestuous summer dashed the hopes suggested by a cheerful and promising spring; but a warm, sunny autumn has brought us round again, and almost restored the balance. Our reports from the various corn-markets of the kingdom lead exactly to this conclusion. In many quarters it is freely acknowledged that the yield is better than was expected, both in quantity and quality; in fact, that is the prevailing view of things. There is a difference, of course, between different districts, different soils, and different varieties of wheat; but, taken altogether, the crops are allowed to approximate more closely to an "average" than was thought probable six weeks ago. The harvest will not be remarkable for abundance, but neither will it be materially deficient. We have been speaking, too, of wheat only, whereas there are other crops to be considered in the estimate of the earth's yield. Barley, oats, potatoes, and "root" crops are second in importance to wheat alone, and of those crops excellent accounts are given. Potatoes, in particular, are remarkably fine and plentiful—not absolutely or in all places free from disease, but still exceedingly good, and likely to be cheap. Well, therefore, may we look with gratitude on the gifts of the season.

It happens, also, from a coincidence of causes, that we have lately received very large consignments of American grain. In 1861 we had imported by the end of July more than twice as much as in 1860, and this year we have even advanced on the importations of 1861. This was partly owing to the apprehensions felt for our own harvest in the summer, and partly to the position of the Americans, who have found it as necessary to sell as we to buy. The demands of the civil war make them large customers of ours for arms and munitions, and in return for these supplies they have nothing to send us but corn. Since the end, too, of July last the arrivals of corn from America have been continued on a large scale, having been calculated on the chances of deficiency at home. In fact, we stood prepared in some degree for a poor harvest before harvest work began, and are now, therefore, in no danger of short supplies. In America the crops are represented as exceedingly abundant, nor does the war appear as yet to have materially affected that branch of Transatlantic agriculture.

The harvest of 1860 was decidedly below the average, though even in that year the autumn brought some unexpectedly fine weather, and our importations were accordingly large in 1861. Last year the crops, though of peculiar good quality, were deficient in quantity, and our receipts from abroad, therefore, have been still continued. But it is to be observed that in this as in other matters we are by no means dependent on a single source of supply. America has no monopoly of the corn trade. If the war had destroyed the agriculture of the Western States we could have procured the grain we needed from other countries. Just now, indeed, our exports are far more valuable to the Federals than theirs are to us. There are many materials and manufactures which they would have some difficulty in obtaining anywhere but in England, whereas we can obtain corn from all quarters of the world. Occasionally, indeed, we find that America sends us very little. Last year and the year before we received large quantities from American ports, but in 1860, up to the end of July, as many as 83 out of every 100 quarters of wheat imported were of European growth, the then United States having sent us but 11 per cent of our whole imports. In the present year, too, it is likely to be a question whether the Americans, situated as they now are, will be able to sustain the competition with which they may meet. France and Germany may possibly underfill us.

Altogether, therefore, we may entertain a confident assurance that the sufferings which the cotton famine may bring with it will not be aggravated by scarcity of corn or dearness of bread. What with foreign and what with home produce, the granaries of the kingdom will soon be full. If the harvest is not actually abundant, it is still a good one, and much more plentiful than could have been expected during the rains and storms of summer. For this very reason, indeed, it is especially welcome. It seems a positive gain to have escaped a probable loss. Two months ago there was ground for apprehending that the wheat crop of the year might be most seriously injured, and that to all the other difficulties of the coming winter we might have to add that of a lost harvest. From that calamity a fine autumn has preserved us, and, if we are not quite so rich as we hoped to be at one time, we are, at any rate, much richer than we expected to be at another. The result brings us almost to an "average" crop, and for that bounty we may well be thankful.

FRANCE.

It is now generally believed that the present harvest throughout France will be equal to a fair average. The Minister of Agriculture has confirmed that belief in his report to the Emperor, where he says that "the present harvest is equal to that of a good year." Wheat continues to fall both in Paris and the departments, although the Paris market was not superabundantly supplied last week. Buyers, nevertheless, are cautious; and there were no millers seen in the market except those residing in the neighbourhood of Paris. Farmers endeavoured to obtain the prices of the preceding week, but they were forced to consent to a reduction of from 1f. to 1f. 50c. in sacks of 120 kilograms. Wheat declined in the majority of the provincial corn markets last week, notwithstanding large purchases made for consumption. The markets were not as well supplied as during the preceding week, farmers being occupied in drawing home the last of the oats left in the fields in consequence of the rain of the preceding week. It is remarked that the last wheat brought to market is not of the excellent quality of the previous samples. The wheat of the present harvest is nevertheless considered to be vastly superior to that of the preceding year.

The report from the East Sussex district continues to be highly favourable, and the planters will apparently have no cause to complain, either as regards quantity or quality. The complaints as to mould are limited and partial, and the picking has progressed very satisfactorily. Another week of fine dry weather will enable a large proportion of the crop to be safely secured. Prices for really good sound hops have an upward tendency. The accounts from Kent become better. In some districts the mould has effected very serious mischief, but in others some excellent samples and satisfactory weights will be obtained. The Weald comes in for its share of the good luck, and some of the parishes are exulting in their success. Of Worcester and Hereford it is reported that, though fine weather has been beneficial in the few instances where improvement was possible, yet, practically speaking, both those districts are "out of the race."

MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF AN ARTIST.—Mr. Norman, an artist, was found lying dead on Sunday morning on a footpath in the environs of Plymouth under circumstances which suggested the idea that he had met with foul play. The state of his dress showed that he had been dragged for some distance along the road; his skull was fractured, and the wall of a railway arch near where the body was found was spattered with blood. The unfortunate man was drinking at a public-house late on the previous night, and it appears the neighbourhood is the resort of bad characters. An investigation into the circumstances has taken place, and the evidence adduced seemed rather to imply that the death of Mr. Norman was the result of accident.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES SHOPPING.—In the City Sheriff's Court, on Saturday, the case of Morley v. Spence came on for hearing. It was an action to recover the value of a dress sold by defendant to Miss Morley, who alleged that she purchased it under a representation that it would wash. She would not swear that the word "warranted" was used, but she would swear that she understood the shopman as to the dress being washable. Defendant: Now, did not the shopman say that it would wash as well as dresses of the same kind and colour?—Witness: No.—Defendant: Did he not show you some colours that would stand better?—Witness: No. Defendant then urged that no warranty had been given, and that he instructed his young men not to warrant anything. Mr. Spence, senior, said he did not warrant the dress, but said it would wash as well as dresses of the same kind and colour.—His Honour: Let me see the dress. Plaintiff produced the article, which, being compared with an unwashed piece, seemed much faded, and said she had washed it herself.—Defendant: I offered five shillings, so that, as an honest tradesman, no fault might be found, and my young men were most polite. His Honour: It is a pity that the sum was not accepted. The question for me is, not what are your instructions to your young men when the dress was sold. I am sorry to say that there is a kind of lax morality in trade which should not exist, and I find for the plaintiff five shillings damages and costs.

Literature.

An Account of the Cruise of the St. George on the North American and West Indian Station during the Years 1861—1862. By N. B. DENNYS, Assistant Paymaster, R.N. Saunders, Otley, and Co.

Fully aware of the objections that may be urged against the creation of a new class of naval officials, we still think that an accredited author on board ship would prove at least as valuable a feature as (say) a boy of the first class. It is, of course, no more necessary that every voyage made should be narrated than that every life lived should necessitate an individual biography; but, as every cruise and every tour somehow gets turned into a book before long, it would be as well to employ competent authorities to manage the business. Book-writing is essentially a business. Very few people are born writers. The labour bestowed in acquiring a style, a knowledge of selection of subject and material, and a capacity for arrangement and effect, would often have secured a fortune had it been devoted to commerce, or at least some flattering mark of distinction had it been applied to the public service of an "ungrateful country." Mr. Dennys has missed, perhaps, the finest chance his life will ever know. He was an officer on board one of her Majesty's finest ships, commanded by an "Honourable" for a Captain, and, above all, rating on her books as midshipman Prince Alfred. The voyage was of sufficient duration to comprise every season, and was to fine climates, to remarkably varied and splendid countries, the homes of many races and of many forms of government. Everywhere she sailed—throughout the Antilles, to Halifax and Cape Breton, to Mexico and the Bermudas, to Cork and once more home—wherever she sailed the St. George had every eye upon her. From all this something must have issued—something must have happened noticeable to any one who had "eyes to see or ears to hear." But Dan to Beersheba could have been scarcely more barren than the cruise of the St. George was to her Assistant Paymaster, R.N. With constant allusions to Mr. Trollope's "West Indies and the Spanish Main," and copious extracts from colonial newspapers and the native *Bell's Life*, a large book is made up, and is, of course, not utterly devoid of interest and amusement. But, after all, there is absolutely nothing in it. Mr. Dennys was punctually seasick, man fell overboard, and they made Barbadoes. Then follow half-a-dozen pages from the "daily papers" descriptive of the Prince's reception, which records of colonial loyalty were already perfectly familiar to every Englishman who is able to read and can spare an occasional penny for visiting a newsroom. From Barbadoes they visited St. Vincent, the ancient home of Lord Chelmsford, and St. Lucia, where a St. Lucian described a local island as having "three inhabitants and twenty-seven niggers." At Martinique they were invited to a ball, where Mr. Dennys, after two or three dances, devoted himself to cigars and drink, and was terribly disgusted at there being no supper. At Dominica they see a precipice 250ft. deep, down which a certain Captain M.—took an involuntary leap on horseback. As this disinterested Curtius only broke his ankles, and is now Colonel of a line regiment in England, there is perhaps no reason for concealing his name. He surely would not be, like his ankles, "broken," if so lamentable an accident were sworn against him. Nevis is principally remarkable for containing the record of Nelson's marriage, Captain Horatio having there led Mrs. Nesbit Willoughby to the altar—a fact now no longer a secret since the publication of Southey's "Life." The record was not shown to the Prince, it being considered that "the less said about that marriage the better." One feature is particularly amusing. The Prince (especially amongst the black women) was far more popular than was pleasant; therefore a system was agreed upon indicative of the profoundest patriotism and self-denial. "Of course," says Mr. Dennys, "to be slobbered over by a lot of females (even white ones) is an extremely disagreeable operation to undergo at any time; but no amount of good nature could stand twenty black ones; so the honours were divided, each of the younger members of the mess being pointed out in turn as 'de Prince himself.' Great was their indignation when they found out, one after another, how they had been sold. A great amount of chaff took place," &c. Mr. Dennys himself once escaped much unnecessary ovation, being "gifted by Nature with hair which impudent people call caroty, but which I mildly designate as red," and which the natives would not believe possible in a Prince of the blood royal. Passing over many amusing records of good fellowship, practical joking, and similar pleasantries found to shorten a voyage, we come to some curious information concerning no less a hero than old Benbow. On the authority of a well-known book called "Deeds of Naval Daring," it has always been supposed that "Benbow returned to England to die of his wounds, broken-hearted, tradition only pointing to Deptford-churchyard as his last resting-place." But in the little church of St. Andrew, at Kingston, Jamaica, Mr. Dennys was shown the tomb of the great Admiral. There it is—a slab of blue marble, in a good state of preservation, bearing a plain, sensible inscription, surmounted by a carving of the hero's armorial bearings. The old tomb reminded the gentleman who was showing it that he had once had in his possession a curious document now in the State Paper Office—the will of Sir Henry Morgan, the famous buccaneer. It begins, "In the name of God, amen. Being about to depart for the Spanish Main, and being aware of the uncertainty of human life, I, Henry Morgan, buccaneer, do hereby," &c., which, as Mr. Dennys observed, is certainly calling a spade a spade. The life at Halifax must have been, socially, the pleasantest part of the voyage. The French ships exchanged courtesies with the English, and both with the town; so that balls of all kinds, including the "bonnet-hop," were always taking place, together with amateur theatricals, Masonic observances, &c. Then follows a broiling-hot 25th of December, passed at Port Royal, where Jack had his own way, with plum-duff, a drop of grog to wash it down, and chairing the officers, which means carrying them in triumph on a grating until they are bruised all over. At Vera Cruz arrives the news of the death of the lamented Prince Albert, and soon after the St. George anchors at Plymouth, the mournful midshipman and Major Cowell having landed at Queenstown, and proceeded direct to Osborne.

We cannot congratulate Mr. Dennys on being a brilliant maker of books, but, nevertheless, much amusement may be derived from "The Cruise of the St. George," by the many who delight in anything having a taste of blue water. Hearty laughter may be obtained from valuable literature, just as the strongest toys are manufactured from cheap material as lead.

The Cambridge Grisette. By HERBERT VAUGHAN. Illustrated by CHARLES KEENE. Tinsley Brothers.

Two Cambridge students, both blackguards—one of the insinuating and one of the coarse type—take a fancy to the same milner's girl. The insinuating rascal makes a bet that he will entice her up to town; succeeds so far, and takes her to the casino. She discovers his "intentions," and escapes. The coarse blackguard finds her crying at a railway-station, and, being suddenly regenerated by the sight of beauty in distress, challenges the insinuating blackguard, forces him (by a public blow) to fight a duel with him, and winds up the tale by bestowing his battered carcass and spoon mate upon the damsel. That is the story of "The Cambridge Grisette." By Herbert Vaughan. Illustrated by Charles Keene.³ One or two of the woodcuts are clever, but the book itself is beyond the pale of criticism, properly so called. It is simply a thing to be kicked out with every circumstance of ignominy. The title, the conception, the details, are merely an appeal, as daring as could be safely attempted, to the vulgarlest form of prurience. It is true no consummated wrong is recorded in the story; young folks who read it in the hope of being tickled by something "wicked" will have to be content with a sensation metaphysically analogous to that of a baulked sneeze; and "virtue" is " vindicated" at last (by a chivalrous blackleg on his stilts). But Virtue does not care, we believe, to be vindicated by either the pharisee of social order or the filibuster of good fellowship; and has not yet sent for Mr. Herbert Vaughan or his hero, Mr. Roughly, to take her part. Nor are her friends such fools as to let an illustrated police case take rank as a homily.

We are not prudish. We are not disposed to be hard upon the "fast" school—it is a sort of Muscular Unchristianity, in which there are seeds of good. But we are very much disposed to be hard upon hypocrisy of all sorts, and think it quite fair, while kicking an impudent book out of doors, to get a moral from it. It is Young-ladyism which is the parent of Grisetteism in vulgar minds. Disgusted with the entrenched inanities of drawing-room misses, young men of a certain mould take to milliners. It is hard to say which is best or worst off—the young lady who loses the young man, the young man who goes to the bad, or the grisette who gets him. The two last are perhaps the luckiest, for they have the desire of "being jolly" to support them—for a time.

Philanthropy: The Genius of Christianity. With Biographical Sketches of Some of the most Eminent Philanthropists. By JOHN HORSFORD, D.D. Simpkin and Co.

If anybody is disposed to think lightly of the labours of a reviewer, let him revise his opinions after gathering some idea of the range of this volume. Turning over its pages at random, we will pick out striking passages as they occur and let them speak for themselves, for Mr. Horsford, and for our own responsibilities and fatigue.

"The genuses of poetry are in number, variety, and merit, like the Milky Way." So we are told on page 10. Having barely recovered our breath, we are, without mercy, challenged on page 16 with the daring statement that "Mr. William Banting's composition on 'Renewing the Covenant' is worthy of the author." After this we fall into a state of syncope, and on awakening to sensibility find ourselves at page 328 staring vacantly at the words "Grace Darling." With much benignity of manner, the reverend author informs us that Grace was "an adventurous person;" and then he tells over again, in five lines, what she did in that little matter of the wreck of the Forfarshire, gracefully adding: "Such a deed in a woman, though mentioned in the public papers at the time, is, perhaps, almost forgotten." Not so, however, "Thomas Farmer, Esq., late one of the treasurers of the Wesleyan Missionary Society," and whose "memory is embalmed and held in deserved honour and repute." Under the title "John Bunyan," in large capitals, we are told (page 248) that "such is the homely phraseology in which the name of one of our greatest writers has been handed down to us." But what is all this to the soul-thrilling revelation which awaits us at page 145, when we stumble upon it (our nervous system being already too much shaken for consecutive reading)? Only a prepared and fortified mind can bear without a shock to be told, in the most offhand manner, that "Negroes exist in the torrid zone." Yet such a statement does Dr. Horsford, with culpable indifference to consequences, put in glaring print at the page we have mentioned. Is a man who is so reckless of consequences entitled, we ask, to write a book about "philanthropy"? He says, vaguely, "I have read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and it made me more philanthropic than I was before;" but, then, how "philanthropic" was he "before"? That's the question. Altogether, Dr. Horsford is a profound problem. Such is the sensitive purity of his mind that he finds Mrs. Stowe's "Minister's Wooing" goes too far "in treating of mere romance, in connection with amorous propensities and marriage." And such his superiority to prejudice that he expressly declares (page 146), "I would as soon be a black man as a white man, for I should then have a greater spur to merit." It is difficult to go beyond this; but we almost think we would rather have been born a gorilla than been born John Horsford. And yet we would not; for he has a kind heart, and is on the right side of nearly all great questions.

Studies in Animal Life. By GEORGE HENRY LEWES. Smith, Elder, and Co.

We need hardly say that this volume consists mainly of articles reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine*; but it must be mentioned that Mr. Lewis has added to them somewhat considerably by "notes at the ends of the chapters on points where *criticism* and the advance of science have caused him to qualify or retract certain statements made in the text." The amendments and retractions are made with perfect candour; and one feels in reading them what a comfort it is to have to do with an honest writer. Mr. Lewis has peculiar merits, in addition, as a scientific writer. He is fully awake to the danger of mixing up inferences with facts and guarded in his statements. The transparent clearness of his style is, taken by itself, his least merit, though it is in reality the sort of clearness which only goes with conscience, industry, nobly excursive culture, and a healthy self-consciousness. How many writers and talkers do we know who never seem to employ language with any reference to what they might presume would be the doubts and difficulties of minds unfamiliar with the topic on which it is used. To construct a sentence which shall give the whole of one's meaning, exclude all meanings but the right one, violate no law of art, and be pleasant to read—is this not such an easy task as is commonly supposed. Everybody who is in the habit of writing with care knows something of that extraordinary process of self-criticism under which sentences take shape in the mind, its complication, its rapidity, and, we were going to add, its thanklessness. For, in truth, the intelligent general reader knows no more of the pains taken in his behalf by a good writer than a babe at the breast knows of its mother's anxieties. Piloted in safety through a thousand dangers of false inference, he comes into port with a hazy notion that he has been his own guide and captain; and—which is the sting of it—would have been just as well pleased if his friend's pains had been ever so much less, not being in the least accustomed to take notice of what is not said by an author, or how awkward corners are turned for him. It is all for the best, however. If the intelligent general reader were really intelligent he would never read the best of the books that are printed. As it is, he takes his alternative medicine without knowing it, and only becomes conscious of what he has been swallowing when the improvement in his health has indisposed him to grumble at having been imposed upon for his soul's good.

After all this let us say that these "Studies of Animal Life" are very nicely "got up," and that we should be glad to see this kind of binding in cloth become common.

On the Nature, Causes, Variety, and Treatment of Bodily Deformities. By E. I. CHANCE, F.R.C.S.E., F.L.S., Surgeon to the City Orthopedic Hospital, &c.

It is seldom that in our notices of new books we can include any remarks upon those specially devoted to medical subjects; but when, as in the present instance, a volume is published which, while it is the result of patient research united to a very extended experience, is yet presented in a thoroughly popular form, and courts the attention as much of the general public as of the medical profession, it may be allowed to depart from ordinary rules. Mr. Chance's book is the extension of a series of lectures, some of which were, we believe, intended for public delivery; and, while it deals with some of the most mysterious of physical phenomena, it is so lucid in style, so obviously founded on the facts discovered in the practice of a surgeon who desires to make no mystery of his science, that it should, and probably, will find its way into the hands of those who seek a solution of difficulties in the origin and best treatment of those terrible afflictions which are known by the general name of deformities. Thanks to the discoveries of orthopedic surgery, in which Mr. Chance has himself been one of the most skilful pioneers, there is now little probability of ordinary deformities being left uncured, except by the gross carelessness or negligence of parents; but there yet remains much to be done towards conveying practical information respecting the causes and various peculiarities of these strange distortions, some of the more remote being very often imperfectly understood by the ordinary medical attendant upon families where a child so afflicted is frequently regarded as incurable.

As an authority upon an important branch of surgical knowledge Mr. Chance's book has received the testimony of the principal medical journals. Its claims as a work of popular instruction, of course within the limits to which all works treating of such subjects must be by their very nature confined, will, we believe, be more gradually attained.

CARIBALDI.

We this week engrave three illustrations of incidents connected with the capture of Garibaldi at Aspromonte. The details given in our last week's Number, together with the subjoined particulars, fully explain the incidents portrayed in the Engravings.

We have received the following interesting letter from Spezia, dated Sept. 12:

The General is better. The ball struck the ankle of the right foot, driving into it pieces of the sock, the drawers, and trousers. Yesterday, thanks to the suppuration, these foreign bodies came out of the wound. The General had slept well during the night and, as at six o'clock this evening there was still abundant suppuration from the wound, he will probably sleep well again and be calm. The local inflammation has diminished, so also has the fever. The General is attended by Prandina, a distinguished doctor, twice a day. Doctors Ripari, Albani, and Bailli, taken prisoners at Aspromonte, are unfailing in their care of the patient. He is now supplied with every necessary. Woman's devotion is present in the Fort of Varignano. The frown of the Ministry, however, is still there in the presence of gendarmes and a great military force.

Now, as to the truth in the affair of Aspromonte. The General supposed that he would have been allowed to continue his march on Rome and to complete the unity of his country. He imagined the concentration of forces in Sicily and at Reggio to be only a sort of diplomatic demonstration. But Ratazzi was pitiless in the directions which he issued. When the General saw the Italian troops ascending to the attack of his position, he gave orders to his officers not to fire on them. Where his voice and that of his aides-de-camp could be heard not a trigger was drawn. But when the regulars were in line they fired on the General, who was standing on an elevated piece of ground, well in advance of the others. He was struck by two balls. The Picciotti of the left wing fired rapidly when they were attacked, and on that side of the field there were dead and wounded.

The General was carried to the border of a wood of pines. Whilst his wound was being attended to an officer of the staff of the army presented himself and summoned him to surrender. "I! I never yet surrendered. But who are you? Let him be disarmed at once." "General, respect the usages of war. I am under the protection of a flag of truce." "A bearer of flag of truce should present himself otherwise than you do. Take away that young man." The General, his officers, and the volunteers who did not escape through the forest were surrounded by the Bersaglieri. These were much affected, and many wept. Another officer came forward to announce to the General that he was a prisoner. Then the hero, unable to support the humiliation, stretched forth his hand to the revolver which lay on the ground within his reach. Albani snatched the weapon from him: he had thought of his cry at Marsala, "Rome or death!" and he wished to die.

The great man was carried on a sort of litter from Aspromonte to Scylla. The path was lighted by night by torches and by day by a burning sun. The journey was sixteen hours; as there was no road, the bearers got down the hills as they best could. The Bersaglieri said to the population who crowded on the passage, "Hats off! It is the General!"

At Scylla the people fell on their knees, and one of the Picciotti said, "Ah! you recognise him, your General, your father." This expression led Colonel Pallavicino into an error in his narration. The General never spoke—he only waved his hand to the crowds that saluted him.

The position of the volunteers at Aspromonte was so strong that they could have resisted an army. Had there only been Austrians at the bottom of the hill who would have seen. The General, though cruelly hurt in feeling, is serene in conscience.

Another account of the removal of Garibaldi from Aspromonte says:—

Towards evening the Garibaldians improvised a litter for the removal of their chief. After an hour's painful march over rugged paths they came to a hut where some wounded men had been laid. Garibaldi refused to abide there for the night. He wished to be taken to some other hut or hayloft where he might be alone. The journey in the dark on so rough a road must have caused great torture to the General; but he never uttered a complaint, not a groan. They thus, after three hours' march, reached the hut of the Pastore Vincenzo, a spot well known to the heroes of the expedition of 1860. There, with straw and cloaks, they made up a bed, on which the General rested. "The night was feebly lighted by the moon; great silence reigned over the country, only broken by the barking of the shepherds' dogs." They prepared water for the hero's wounds; they gave him broth made of goats' flesh. It was midnight. At dawn they were up constructing a more comfortable litter; at six a.m. they left for Scylla. When the sun rose they screened the hero by a laurel canopy. With the exception of a few halts of half an hour, they toiled down those dreary paths till two p.m., when they reached their destination.

A Turin letter of the 11th says:—

The Minister of War, in concert with his colleagues, has ordered the liberation of all the prisoners of Aspromonte of less than eighteen years of age. It is needless to add that they form the immense majority of the misguided youths who were taken in arms—lads of from fourteen to eighteen being in the proportion of eight-tenths. They neither had nor could have the consciousness of their acts, and the decision of the Minister responds to a general desire which would have been realised before now had it not been also necessary to strike the excited imagination of these youths by an example of severity. The prison doors were opened yesterday evening to those lads. They received passports to proceed to their homes, and the greater part of them have been embarked at the expense of the State. In a few days the same will be done for those of from eighteen to twenty-one years of age, who form the least numerous category of those who still remain in the fortresses, not including Garibaldi's Staff. Those administrative measures are only the prelude to one of general clemency which is to be proclaimed for Garibaldi and his accomplices in a fortnight—that is to say, at the marriage of Princess Pia. That ceremony will take place in the last week of the month, and will be celebrated with great pomp.

Another Turin letter of the same date has the following:—

I have just seen General Türr and Dr. Bertani, on their return from Varignano. Dr. Bertani thought the wound a very serious matter. It does not require any great medical knowledge to understand that a swelling constantly persisting for twelve days is a grave affair. General Türr found the "old lion" calm and cheerful, as usual, but considerably emaciated. Goodness of heart is Garibaldi's distinguishing characteristic; though his old Generals did not join him, he still receives them with the same affability as ever; he is incapable of rancour towards any person whatever. The only thing that disturbs his equanimity is that any one should say he ever gave orders either to attack the troops or to return their fire.

On the subject of whether and how Garibaldi is to be tried there is still considerable uncertainty. A Turin correspondent complains of the way in which the official journals of Italy have been made to announce alternately that Garibaldi would be tried and that an amnesty would be issued. The amnesty, he declares, is now decided on. "The amnesty, it is now too evident, was resolved upon from the beginning. Ratazzi was only perplexing his colleagues, his officious organs, the King, the public, and the very persons whose advice he solicited. He only wished to seem reluctant to the amnesty, to appear as if he granted it on compulsion. For the rest, we hear again that the amnesty is 'the thing,' though now fears are entertained that Ciardini and the army may consider themselves offended at the cheap rate at which the blood shed by them at Aspromonte seems to be held."

The *Official Gazette* of Turin, however, has a paragraph explaining the cause of the delay in the announcement of the intentions of the Government with respect to the Garibaldian prisoners. As one reason assigned for the delay is that it is necessary to determine what court of assize is competent to try the prisoners, it may be inferred that a trial of some kind is now determined on.

The anniversary of the entry of the General into Naples in 1860 has passed over in that city in a very quiet manner, the fickle and giddy Neapolitans paying little or no attention to the day which ought to have been one of special interest for them. Some of the inhabitants who have a little more character have prepared an address to Garibaldi in the following terms:—

To General Garibaldi, Varignano.

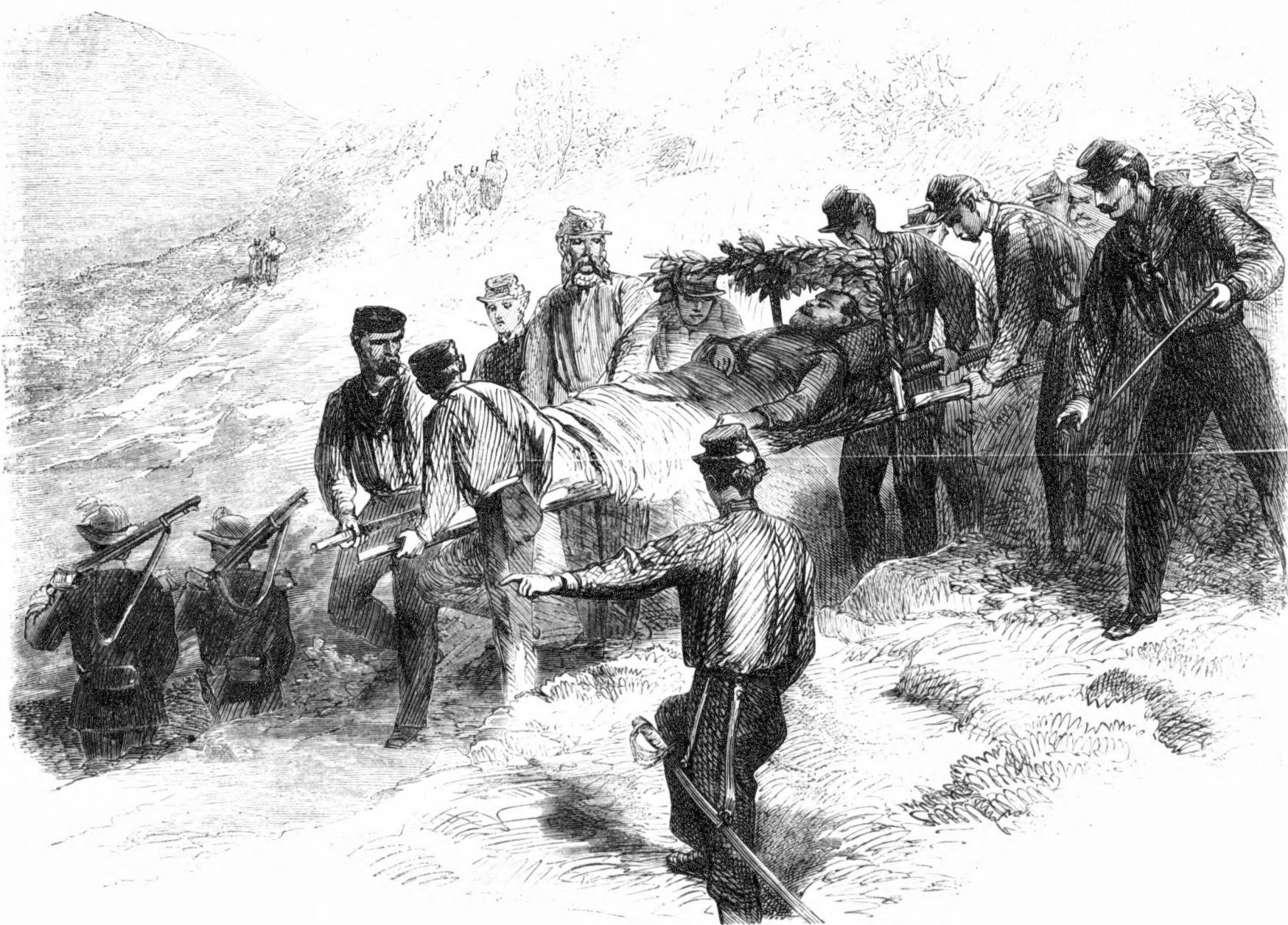
Naples, Sept. 7, 1862.

General.—To-day two years are completed since Naples saw the tyranny of the Bourbons destroyed; since you, the soul and leader of a gigantic enterprise, first to unfold the banner of a united Italy, entered our city alone, and were received here with the enthusiasm of an entire people. We should be wanting in the holiest of human sentiments, that of gratitude, if silent on occasion of your misfortune, this day should pass away unmarked. Illustrious prisoner! to-day, then, Naples sends you an affectionate salutation. The vicissitudes of human fortune, whatever they may be, cannot take from you the glory of having made us Italians, or from us the memory of the heart.

SINGULAR SUICIDE.—A suicide from a singular cause has been committed in Shoreditch. The wife of a man named Robinson was ill with a complication of diseases. An attempt was made to get her into one of the metropolitan hospitals, but in vain; and, at the suggestion of the Curate of the parish, she was sent to a Roman Catholic hospital at Ascot. This was done with the privity of the woman's sister, but in the husband's ignorance, apparently. The poor woman died at Ascot; and on the husband hearing the circumstances he became deranged, because his wife, a Protestant, had been sent to a Roman Catholic establishment. In his insanity he hanged himself.



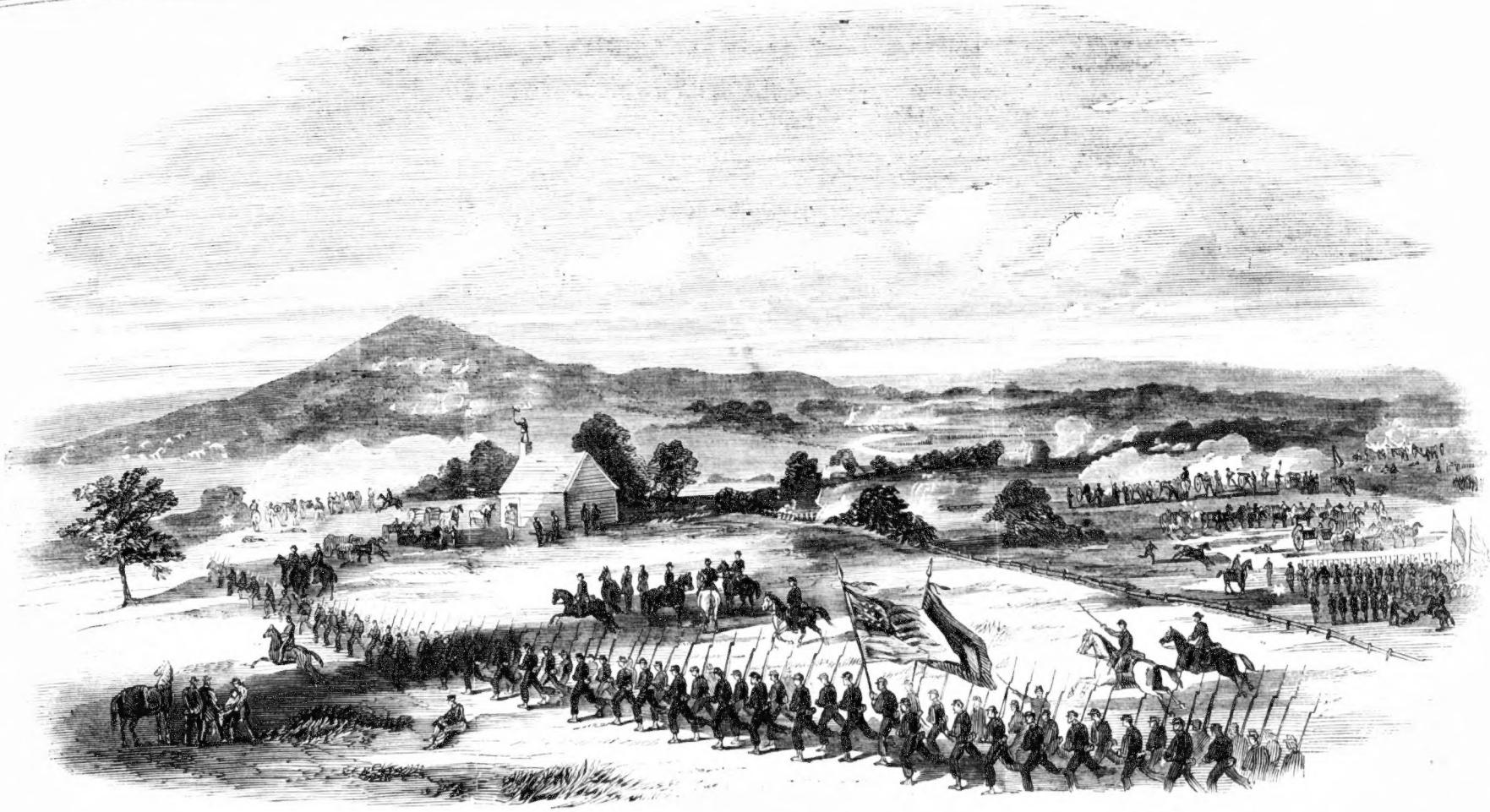
GARIBALDI, WOUNDED, RECEIVING A PARLEMENTAIRE FROM COLONEL PALLAVICINO, AT ALLEGHE.



GARIBALDI BORED ON A LITTER TO THE SEASHORE PRIOR TO THE EMBARKATION FOR SPEZIA.

SEPT. 20, 1862.

ILLUSTRATED TIMES.



THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.—BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN.—(FROM A SKETCH BY E. FORBES.)—SEE PAGE 331.

FUNERAL OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Friday week having been fixed for the interment of the remains of the Most Rev. Dr. Sumner, late Archbishop of Canterbury, large numbers of persons flocked from Croydon and places contiguous to Addington, in order to be present at the ceremony. The proceedings were in themselves strictly private, but many private carriages followed the mourning procession, and there were also a large number of clergymen present from various parts of the diocese.

The procession, which started from the palace to the church, which is just outside the park gates, and in the village of Addington, consisted of the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Winchester (the late Archbishop's brother), the Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Alford, Dean of Canterbury, the Lord Advocate (a nephew of the Archbishop), Canon Thomas (his son-in-law), Prebendary Venn; the Rev. John Lingham, Rector of Lambeth; Mr. D. Halford, of Bergholt (a distant relative

of the Archbishop); the Rev. Mr. Colpoys (a relative of the Archbishop); the Rev. Dr. Thurlow, Chancellor of Chester; the Rev. J. Nisbett, Incumbent of Ramsgate; the Rev. J. Hodgson, Vicar of Croydon; and Mr. Knyvett. A considerable number of the principal inhabitants of Croydon followed the procession. The coffin was an extremely handsome one, of Spanish mahogany, covered with purple velvet, and bearing a simple inscription recording the date of the birth and death of its inmate. It was decorated with appropriate gilt ornaments, the most conspicuous of which was the archiepiscopal mitre.

On arriving at the church the body was conveyed to a newly constructed vault near to the chancel, and close to that in which the late Archbishop lies interred. The coffin was lowered, and the prescribed burial service of the Church of England was read by the Rev. M. T. Farer, the Vicar of the parish. At the close of these proceedings the procession returned to Addington, where the mourners dis-

persed. Nearly all the principal shops in Croydon were closed or partially closed during the day.

A delightful walk in one of the prettiest parts of Surrey leads to Addington, either from Croydon station up pleasant fields and through Combe-lane, or from Norwood over Shirley-common, skirt-ing the grounds in which "Old Bags" used, in wonderful costume, to solace the leisure of the Earl of Eldon's lengthened chancellorship—and up Addington-hill (from which a surprisingly-grand view of the counties of Kent and Surrey gratifies the traveller), round nearly a mile and a half of the beautiful woods belonging to the manor.

Addington has only been the country seat of the Archbishops of Canterbury since 1807-8. Croydon Palace had been their residence since the time of William the Conqueror. Lanfranc lived there; so did Grindall, Whitgift, Sheldon, Wake, Potter, and Herring, whose tombs are in Croydon Church. There Queen Elizabeth was entertained



THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.—THE SERVICE IN ADDINGTON CHURCH.

for a week by Archbishop Parker in 1573. It is now in ruins, turned into a bleaching-ground. In 1807 "Addington-place," soon to be a palace, was purchased by Archbishop Manners Sutton from a Mr. William Coles, who's father had bought it from the nephew of Alderman Trecotthick. In old times the manor was held by the King's cook (tenure by serjeanty), as when William de Aguilon was bound to make "hastas" in the King's kitchen on the day of the coronation, and, either by himself or his deputy, to provide a dish called "Girunt," or "Melpigernoun." From the Leigh family, many of whom are buried in the church, the manor passed into the hands of a City Alderman, Barlow Trecotthick, who was Lord Mayor in 1770. Archbishop Howley built a chapel, enlarged the house, and made considerable additions of land to the estate. This prelate also restored the church, over the porch of which are his arms, with the initials of "W. C." (William Canterbury), and built some schools for the parish. The estate is now a very extensive one, between two and three miles round, the park and grounds being of the most beautiful description. The little church, beneath whose shadow Private Sumner now rests, contains the vaults in which Archbishop Manners Sutton was buried, July 21, 1828, and Archbishop Howley, Feb. 19, 1848. To the former there is a tablet behind the pulpit, faced by one to the memory of his son, Lord Canterbury, above the Primate's pew; and to the latter there is a monument within the altar-rails, and a tablet containing the names of his sons, grandson, and widow. The elegant person, and many virtues of Mrs. Grizel Trecotthick, wife of the alderman, are commemorated in a hideous monument only to be equalled for ugliness by one to the illustrious citizen himself. The churchyard is one of the prettiest in the county, admirably kept, and full of fine flowers.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1862.

ON CERTAIN STIMULANTS.

In our last essay we indicated the history of the introduction of distilled liquors into England and the legislative enactments passed for the repression of the evils arising from them. In the famous debate to which we alluded it was mentioned that a majority had decided against a commission of eminent physicians from whom it was proposed to receive evidence as to the effects of spirituous liquors. The refusal was only explained upon the ground that such a commission was totally unnecessary, the whole House of Lords being in accord as to the deleterious results of the use of such liquors.

We propose in this article to deal with the subject in connection with literature and the learned professions. There can be but little doubt that the exigencies of brain labour imposed by the artificial state of society imperatively call for some kind of stimulant beyond that of non-fermented beverages. Blackstone, as most people know, wrote his "Commentaries" while continually refreshing himself with good port. Doctor Johnson, save in his not unfrequent intervals of total abstinence, was a great wine-drinker. The Judges of the last century were wont to imbibe claret at an inordinate rate, and yet their judgments did not appear to suffer from their habits, and most of them were long-lived men. The statesmen, politicians, and authors of the last and preceding centuries were, almost to a man, hearty imbibers of wine, and yet none of them are recorded to have shortened their lives or destroyed their intellects by the habit. It is when we come to the present century, and gradually arrive at times within our own memory—when we recall the names of men perhaps personally known, perhaps even dear to us; men whose intellects have during even their brief lives been sufficient to acquire a national reputation and to place wealth as well as fame at their very feet—that the evil effects of the habit which has grown up in that time of indulging largely and habitually in the use of ardent spirits begin to show themselves. We have known such men as those referred to—the whole nation has heard of such—whose constitutions have been shattered, whose intellects have been broken, and whose sad end has been brought about entirely by the use of the fatal products of distillation.

There is a vast and most important difference between intemperance and intoxication. The teetotalers—who have done, and we believe are doing, through sheer ignorance, more harm by their rigidity than they can ever hope to do good—are perfectly unaware of this fact. Intemperance is simply the act of taking too much of a good thing. There are few vices which tend so effectually to cure themselves. Nature renders it impossible for the intemperate man to practise his sin continually, by giving him a profound disgust for the cause of it until the effects have passed away. The glutton, more than sated with his meal, loathes food until his appetite returns. So with him who has too freely indulged in liquor which is the product of the wholesome natural process of fermentation.

Intoxication is a different matter. Intoxication by its etymology means "poisoning;" a man may commit intemperance with wine, he "intoxicates" himself with spirits. The action of spirit, whether pure or diluted by the addition of water, is direct upon the brain. Its effect is to produce thought: frequently involuntary thought. The wearied man of business who thinks to refresh himself by its agency, is often kept

awake by dread of impending peril to his affairs. He becomes nervous in the night, under continual apprehension of some error in his conduct or of something omitted which ought to have been performed. It is not until his brain resumes its proper condition that he can perceive how groundless—almost ridiculous—his fears have been. And the peculiar characteristic of spirituous liquor is that, as it is itself an unnatural product, so it induces a disease to the remedy of which Nature is unequal. An excess of spirit overnight demands a matutinal dram; and thus the evil, instead of being reduced, is gradually and surely augmented. We met but lately a solicitor whose business lay among the highest in the realm, and who complained that his increasing nervousness had attained such a pitch that he would often contemplate a pile of letters before him for some minutes before daring to open one of them lest he might encounter the news of some disaster arising from his own flagrant mistake or negligence. He was one of the hardest-working men we ever knew. Upon being pressed, he acknowledged that he was in the habit of drinking half a pint of brandy per diem, and thought he could not do without it. Here was the secret of the whole matter.

Curious observers may notice that with the introduction of spirituous liquors a visible change has come over our popular literature. The sonorous style, the rounded periods, the elegance of diction which characterised former centuries, have almost disappeared. We have instead the impudent flippancy, the current slang, the repugnant familiarity of the "fast writer." A literary adept may trace with certainty from among a pile of journals which of the articles have been written under the influence of alcoholic, as distinguished from merely fermented, beverages. We have heard an essayist declare that once or twice, when brain-weary at night, he has taken a glass of grog to invigorate his faculties, so as to be beforehand with his work next morning. But on the next morning, on perusing his efforts, he invariably rewrote every sentence. The same necessity was never imposed by his productions after the wholesome refreshment of a chop and a glass of ale or sherry, and especially when these were accompanied by short social intercourse with a few dull, commonplace persons, which is in itself a most useful, healthy mental refreshment, and one particularly recommended by Sir Richard Steele, who knew something of the matter.

The distinction between the two classes of stimulants at present used as beverages is broad enough. The liquors produced by fermentation are frequently beneficial and generally innocuous, unless when used in such inordinate quantities as to produce personal inconvenience; for fermentation is a perfectly natural process. On the other hand, the drinks—more or less adulterated—produced by distillation are *intoxicants*, wearing away at once both body and mind. Distillation is not a natural process, but one only to be carried on by means of artificial appliances, assisted by fire. And, although the announcement may appear to savour of mysticism, wise and practical physicians of our own day maintain that the consuming and destructive properties of the element to which the spirit owes its being continue to exert themselves under the form to which they have given birth.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—The Royal commissioners held a meeting on Monday, when it was resolved that the exhibition should remain open during the whole of October and be closed on the 1st of November. It is hoped that by this measure the deficit in the accounts will be greatly reduced, but a deficiency of some £20,000, or perhaps £25,000, is likely to exist even then. It is this estimated loss which the contractors have offered to make good, in order that the guarantors may not be called upon for a single farthing. The terms of the agreement between the commissioners and Messrs. Kelk and Lucas are, that the contractors receive £200,000 when the building is finished, and all moneys taken at the doors between £400,000 and £500,000—an additional £100,000, in fact, upon the payment of which they are bound to part with the building and all connected with it for £130,000 more. There are what may be termed auxiliary clauses as to the purchase of the picture-galleries, but these do not affect the main features of the agreement, which are as we have stated. As the matter now stands the commissioners have taken very nearly £400,000, and the time is close at hand when Messrs. Kelk and Lucas will be entitled to the receipts in payment of their third £100,000. But if they claim this repayment of money which they have disbursed it is certain that the guarantors would have to meet such a deficit as we have intimated, which would amount to a call of nearly six per cent on their subscription. To their credit, however, Messrs. Kelk and Lucas have at once stated that their first desire is to shield the guarantors from being called upon for anything, and have virtually offered to give to the commissioners, out of their third £100,000, whatever sum may be necessary to hold the guarantors harmless.

INCIDENTS OF THE DISTRESS IN THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.—A special reporter, investigating the facts of the distress at Ashton-under-Lyne, tells some painful stories:—"I came across many families which had never applied for relief at all and were suffering the most extreme privation. I found a family of five—husband and wife and three children—living on 5s. earned by one child; they had never received a farthing of assistance from any source. Another family of nine—husband, wife, and seven children—were living on 10s., the united earnings of five of them. This was a very respectable house, but it had been stripped of almost every article of furniture, and not one of the whole nine had a change of clothing. They had dragged on for weeks without aid from any quarter. In another family of six there was 9s. 3d. coming in, but they had a hard landlord, and 3s. had to be paid out of it for rent, leaving them just 1s. a head to purchase the necessities of life. A few of the masters have behaved with great liberality. One firm is paying 2s. 6d. a week to each of their adult hands, and 1s. 6d. and 1s. to others who are under sixteen. Another firm is lending to their hands—but probably it means the same as giving—on the same scale; another is giving 1s. a head. Bread, soup, and coals are distributed by others. I have heard of as much as £30 being given away at one mill in the course of a single week, and there is one gentleman in particular of whose good deeds I have heard in many a cottage, and who, though one of the noisiest and most implacable of the disputants I have mentioned, in the matter of generosity has set an example to his order, which, if more extensively followed, would have saved them from much present and future reproach. For the new committee £2800 was subscribed by ten firms, which, though it has not yet been added to, was a very respectable beginning. 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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

It is understood, if not formally announced, that in a short time it is to be a grand gathering, clerical or Buronian, perhaps a mixture of both, somewhere in Buckinghamshire, at which Disraeli is to be an orator after his manner, surveying the scene and giving a programme of the future policy of the party who "will be honour to lead." Nominally, this oration is to be addressed to the peers and clerics immediately before him. But it will be addressed to all England and the world. Sir Robert Peel (the Liverpool) was fond of sending out these manifestos, sometimes to his constituents at Tamworth, at others in orations at such Taylor's banquets. It was in one of these proclamations he dropped the old name of Tory and inaugurated the new name "alive." What will be Disraeli's programme? it is impossible to say; he will have a very difficult job in sketching it, and I not be surprised if we should find after its delivery that we hardly know nothing more than we do at this present time. It is wished, of course, to please every section of his party, but, as this is evidently impossible, he will probably, as he has often done before, and so well knows how to do, dazzle and puzzle them all.

And, whilst we are writing about the Conservative Leader, here comes a curious piece of news, appearing in a morning paper:—

MONUMENT TO DISRAELI THE ELDER.—A monument has been erected at Hughenden Manor, built of Bath stone, resting on a base of Dennerley stone. On the northern entablature facing the house is the following inscription, and on the centre of the same face of the shaft is a bass-relief bust of Disraeli the elder:—"In memory of Isaac Disraeli, of Bradenham, in this county, Esq., and D.C.L. of the University of Oxford, who, by his happy genius, diffused among the multitude that elevating taste for literature which before his time was the privilege only of the learned. This monument was raised, in affectionate remembrance, by Mary Ann, the wife of his eldest son, the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, Lord of the Manor, Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1852-8 and 9, and now, for the sixth time, Knight of the Bath, Sept., 1862."

I suppose your readers most of them know who "Mary Ann" is. This lady was the widow of Mr. Wyndham Lewis, who represented Maidstone from 1835 to 1838. In 1837 Mr. Disraeli was elected for Maidstone. In 1838 Mr. Lewis died. In 1839 Mr. Disraeli married the widow of his deceased colleague. Hughenden Manor Mrs. Disraeli inherits for her life; at her death it passes back to her former husband's family. But what is most worthy of notice here is the inscription on this monument which tells us that Mr. Isaac Disraeli "by his happy genius diffused among the multitude that elevating taste for literature which before his time was the privilege only of the learned." This, as Disraeli the younger once said of some of the speculations of the essayists and reviewers, "is new and not true;" as every one who is acquainted with the literary history of the last half century must know. The only work of Mr. Isaac Disraeli which made a noise in the literary world was his "Curiosities of Literature." This came out first, in one volume, in 1790; and forty years after its first appearance it had increased in bulk to six volumes, and had arrived at its eleventh edition. Now, eleven editions in forty years was not a very large sale; but it looks to the uninitiated much larger than it really was, for the fact is that almost every reprint was essentially a different work. However, the work was popular, no doubt, for a time; but to assert that it ever reached "the multitude," and diffused amongst it an "elevating taste for literature," is the merest booh. If there has spread amongst the multitude an elevating taste for literature, we owe it to quite other men than Disraeli the elder. It is probable, nay, almost certain, that this work did not command, in forty years, more than 15,000 purchasers. The statement on this inscription is therefore like the "Ten thousand pair of shoes for the million" with which the putting dealer in shoes headed his advertisement. But, in truth, there was nothing in these books calculated to diffuse an elevating taste for literature amongst the multitude. Isaac Disraeli was an omnivorous reader. These were cuttings from the immense field which he traversed. He was not a thinker, neither had he much imagination. It is not such men as he who stamp their impress upon the age in which they live, and certainly not such men that reach the multitude.

Our notable men are still scattered abroad. Mr. Gladstone is yet at Pen-maen-mawr, under the shadow of the great mountain so called, looking pleasantly over Anglesea Bay. He will, however, be ferreted out of his burrow soon to star it at Newcastle and elsewhere. Lord Palmerston and his lady have been rushing about like fireflies. They have been to Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire, Dover, &c.; took a flying visit to town; and are now off to Broadlands. Earl Russell has been to Ardsall, in the county of Meath, to see that estate of his which was left him by the Duke of Bedford. But his Lordship has returned, and is now the Secretary of State in waiting upon her Majesty in Germany. Sir George Grey, thus released, for he was with the Queen in Scotland, is off to the north. Mr. Milner Gibson is still afloat, on board his own yacht, not altogether on pleasure bent, but examining the harbours along the north-eastern coasts; in short, combining business with pleasure. Mr. Cobden is paying a long-promised visit to his friend Mr. Baxter, M.P., for Montrose, at his house near Dundee. Mr. Bright was still in the Highlands when last I heard of him. Lord Granville has been suffering from an attack of gout, but is now much better, and will shortly start for Germany to relieve Earl Russell as the Minister in attendance on the Queen.

During the Crimean War there was a great cry for "the right man in the right place." It is doubtful, however, whether we have succeeded in getting places filled by right men. At all events, one thing is certain: we do not get the right men to stand as candidates for Parliament. Here is this borough of Stoke-upon-Trent. Of what vital consequence is it to the people of England whether Grenfell, Shee, or Beresford Hope succeed? Mr. Grenfell, I suppose, is a son of the member for Preston. If so, he is a mere partisan, and will vote as Mr. Brand bids him. Mr. Beresford Hope will be neither a power nor an ornament to the House. Mr. Serjeant Shee is a lawyer who has his own private ends to serve; and it is generally so. Our electioneering system certainly does not secure the best and the wisest, as it ought to do. These, as it seems to me, it rather repels than attracts. Men of refined taste shrink from the vulgarities of an election; prudent men will not encounter the cost; honest men stand aghast at the immoralities.

Despite the sneers of a recent writer on "journalism," we may, I think, venture to assert that this column, while affording early intimation of any changes or any novelties in the literary and artistic worlds, has hitherto kept clear of party squabbles or personal gossip, and pecuniary rewards earned by authors and artists have never been mentioned here until they have attained publicity through other sources. If I depart from this practice in the present instance, it is because an incorrect statement has appeared in the provincial press, and because the persons principally concerned feel that, as the transaction will prove sufficiently interesting to be talked about, it is better that the public should be put in possession of the real facts of the case. The fact, then, is, that Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., has just entered into an agreement with Mr. Gambart to paint three pictures illustrative of three distinct phases of London life—"Morning" in Covent-garden; "Afternoon" in Regent-street; "Night" in the Haymarket. These pictures will be smaller than "The Railway Station," but the figures in them will be of the same size as those in that celebrated picture. The series is to be completed, ready for exhibition by the spring of 1863, and the price to be paid is £10,000. This statement is official, authentic, and perfectly reliable. Mr. Gambart is well known in the art-circles of this country as a most spirited publisher, as the originator of the "French" Gallery, and as the purchaser of Mr. Holman Hunt's "Christ in the Temple." The picture of "The Railway Station" is the property of Mr. Flaxman, and will soon be removed to that gentleman's City gallery at Messrs. Leggett and Hayward's, where it will remain on view. Its exhibition at the Haymarket has been most attractive.

The Foreign Workmen Recruit Committee give their second report on Monday last to the French and other Continental workmen at present visiting London for the purpose of inspecting the International Exhibition. Two hundred guests sat down to a well-arranged entertainment in one of the refreshment-rooms of the Exhibition building, under the presidency of Mr. G. A. Sala, who acquitted himself with

marked success. Mr. Sala addressed the company in English and in French, and the tone, eloquent, and sparkling sentences in which he contrasted the evils of international ignorance with the advantages of international intercourse were received with frequent outbursts of applause; and when, later in the evening, still addressing his audience in French, he turned with a few smart touches, pictures of the typical French, German, American, Irishman, and Italian, such as each appeared to the others, in the distorted medium of national prejudice at the time of the Franco-German war. *Mossos les ouvriers* were envoys from Paris, who were to be met by the French and Belgian commissioners; by Mr. Le Neve Fitter, the secretary of the Society of Arts; by Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, whose health as a pronouncer of the affair was enthusiastically toasted; and by Mr. Wiltshire Austin, one of the candidates for the existing vacancy in the representation of Cambridge.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

In his opening prospectus of *Temple Bar*, Mr. Sala declared that he could make no great promises as to poetry, but that if he could not give good verse he would give none at all. It is to be regretted that the editors of other magazines do not follow Mr. Sala's rule, for in that case readers would be relieved of an enormous amount of nonsense now inflicted upon them. Under the title "How Wondrous are Thy Works" I find in the September number of *Good Words* some doggerel compared with which Sternhold and Hopkins's verses are melodious. The following extracts speak for themselves:—

The deep roar of the voiceful ocean,
The changeful billows' sleepless motion,
Even there thy sounding foot hath trod,
There goes thy march, thou mighty God!

Where the rich-tressed birchen-bower
Shakes fragrance round in sunny hour,
Where the rock-rooted pine-trees nod,
Thy breath is there, thou mighty God!

The unclouded spheres that wheel above me,
The boundless thoughts that only move me,
All are but pulses sent from Thee,
That art, and wert, and art to be.

Thy clouds of canopy my way;
Thy waters roll; Thy breezes play;
Thou hast engirt me with fair show
Of beauty, Lord, where'er I go.

There seems to be a very general opinion among the writers for semi-religious publications that, so long as a sacred name be only inserted, anything will go down with their public. The writer of the above delicious specimen is one Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh, a Scotchman, known for his rabid hate of England. Surely, by the publication of this hymn, England is avenged!

Apropos of *Temple Bar*, it is rumoured that the places of "Captain Dangerous" and "Aurora Floyd," both of which are coming to a close, will be supplied by a grand romance, "the combination of all the talents," call'd "Doctor Forster." This story will be illustrated—a new feature in the magazine.

A PROPOS OF THE WOODSTOCK AGRI-CULTURAL SOCIETY.—Mr. Durkin, attorney for the county of Lancashire, and a member of the Royal Agricultural Association, has been engaged to lecture on the principles of reward to agricultural labourers; congratulated the society on the excellence of the harvest within the county; called the attention of the landed interest to the duty of assisting the distressed operatives in Lancashire; and, passing on to the cause of that distress, eulogised the Constitution of England, which, with as much energy as had ever been shown by America, had known how to unite freedom with reverence and progress with a law. —On Tuesday Mr. Henley spoke at the dinner of the Woodstock Agricultural Society, the theme of his discourse being the condition of the rural labourer. —Mr. Bass, M.P., has also addressed an agricultural gathering in Derbyshire; and Messrs. Percy Windham and Lawson have done the like in Cumberland. Social affairs, the manufacturing stagnation, and remarks on the proceedings of the late Session of Parliament formed the staple of the speeches of the hon. gentlemen.

THE EXHIBITION BUILDING BY NIGHT.—The Exhibition building by night is the exact obverse of a theatre by daylight. It is strange to visit the shrouded interior of the sad, silent playhouse, with all its benches empty, and all its crystal and gilded ornaments so wonderfully dull. It is stranger yet to gain entrance to Captain Fowke's much-debated edifice when its lights are lit, its garlands shed, and all but Mr. Superintendent Durkin and a part of the X division of police departed. We go in, let us say, by the eastern entrance; our footfall echoes on the dais under the east dome; the last faint tricklings of the majesia fountain are audible, drop by drop; the lingering incense of Mr. Rimmel's violet perfume is dying away; the noisy organ, which is reported to have driven two of Mr. Sandford's clerks into a lunatic asylum, is as dumb as the pickle trophy, or the wooden sentinel at the entrance of the Military Court. All is still. Solitude in such a place is more solitary than on the plains of Egypt; and the well-known objects which are surrounded three deep by struggling spectators in the daytime are lonelier now than the stone-eyed desert Sphynx. Here and there a gas jet burns steadily. The prisms of Osler's glass candelabra catch the feeble rays and turn them into burning opals, sapphires, rubies, emeralds, onyxes, and carbuncles. We descend the wide stairs, seemingly twice their accustomed width, now that there is no crowd to jostle, no totchy old gentleman to push against as he comes up, and no sullen dem-train to tread upon as it sweeps down. Some of the objects are covered up with ghostly sheets of white canvas; others, which are uncovered, look as ghostly of themselves. Turning by a pillar, we come suddenly upon a policeman, who makes us start as much as if we had got the kohl-noor in our waistcoat-pocket or the piping bullion in our hat. The officer has acted in obedience to orders in standing perfectly still until we had come up to him. Seeing that we are accompanied by one whom he well knows to be in authority here, he walks away very silently; for the blunders of the midday beat are laid aside, and our active and intelligent watchman of the night is shot, like Lear's troop of horse, with felt. In other terms, Mr. Durkin obliges his men to wear lit slippers when on duty after dark in the International Exhibition. There is a mist, if the truth must be told, which would sufficiently plead against any scheme of keeping the entire show open longer than the term now fixed. A few old-fashioned pea-souper November fogs, hanging about the Sheffield Court and the bright goods in the adjoining department of hardware manufactures, would very soon settle the question, and perhaps lead to the closing of the exhibition in somewhat of a hurry. Sounds which are hardly distinguishable when the public are moving about these labyrinths of merchandise and art now strike plainly on the ear. A sudden revolution of the flywheel in Mr. Benson's clock startles us like the whirr of a pheasant. The voice of somebody at the far end of the nave arrests our instant attention and causes us to listen, though there is no possibility of making out the words. The moon is not now at the full, but her crescent light adds greatly to the effect of a most striking scene, which, like the ruins of fair Melrose, in this respect if in no other, derives an additional solemnity from the pale, steel-cold beams pouring in at every broad aperture, and creeping through each narrow chink and crevice.—*Handy Telegraph*.

BETTING ON THE ST. LEGER.

ANY intelligent foreigner, upon being asked by his countrymen, on his return from England, what was the principal amusement of the people, might, if he had paid a visit to either of our great gatherings at Epsom or Doncaster, reply, "Horse-racing." Nay, had his sagacity been exercised only in London streets during the period just before either of the "great events," he would have had sufficient indication of the almost universal excitement too often evil in its results—which attends the national sport. Around the windows of the offices where sporting papers are published an eager crowd stands constantly watching for fresh information; and the public appetite can only be gratified by a telegram every hour and several editions, each containing some scrap of fresh intelligence. If "Tadpole" is withdrawn at two o'clock it is found all to be a mistake or a "dodge" at three o'clock, and the mind of the many is relieved. O the out-kits of these small crowds stand men in knots of three or four, who seem to take little interest in such reports, as being altogether better informed, and relying rather upon their own personal knowledge than upon such statements as influence the rest. All day these people lounge about, repairing sometimes to the neighbouring taverns, where they are ready to give "a tip" or "a griffin"; that is to say, to recommend horses as winners or for a good place in the race. Some of them go during the day to one or both of the places where most betting is going on. At the first of these, in that "new" street which has been a ruin and an unsightly waste ever since it was projected, and renamed Victoria-street, are congregated the men whose late assembly in Bride-lane caused for the interference of the parish and the police. Passing by the first pieces of waste ground upon the left where boy, half-fledged

sharpers, and gamblers are playing at pitch-and-toss for half-pence, we come upon a score of shabby groups standing about as though—except for their idle air, which forbids the supposition—they were waiting to be hired as supernumeraries in some seedy procession. Few of them speak except in occasional monosyllables. Each man there looks vaguely about him as though he waited to keep a melancholy appointment with somebody who never comes. A flock of sheep passing on their way to the slaughter-house pass through the inclosure of muddy ground on which they stand, but elicit no notice. All the surrounding houses, and the taverns especially, have a shabby, ratish air, as though everybody went to bed late and the gas burnt constantly. Now and then a fresh arrival of some importance makes a slight stir amongst such of the company as have money to stake. Here is a man who is evidently looked upon as an authority; he wears black leggings and a little, hard, napless hat. He carries his book in his hand, and refers to it, making fresh entries as he passes from one to another. Meanwhile even the excitement of a transaction with him fails to rouse the assembly from its listless state. As he stops here and there, men come up, speak a few words in a low tone, make a pencil entry in a book, perhaps, and then saunter away looking as though they had just concluded an unfavourable composition with an obdurate creditor. They come and whisper in little groups, and look at each other, and separate, and form fresh groups, and part and reunite, like a number of dusty, shabby, dissipated tavern flies in a gloom of sickly sunshine through a taproom window.

It is noticeable, too, that, as the inmates of a prison all come to resemble each other not so much in feature as in expression, which assimilates all features, so in this assembly a strong family likeness prevails, especially amongst the less prosperous of the community. From the penniless touter for other men, who borrows half-a-crown to bet upon a favourite horse and is dressed in clothes which never could have belonged to him—trousers frayed at the bottoms, bursted boots, stained and limp hat, and once gorgeous neck-scarf, now dirty and fastened with a tarnished pin, to the flourishing butcher, or the sporting costermonger with legs tightly encased in corduroy "lace-ups," cut-away coat, and narrow-brimmed wideawake the same facial line is, more or less, exhibited.

Two or three tradesmen-looking individuals are amongst the number, one or two of them trying to look as if they found themselves there by accident. Amongst these and the costermongering interest there seems to be a faint flicker of interest in the appearance of a large man dressed in a dahlia-coloured coat, who has a name for a "large book" and only comes to Victoria-street now and then for an hour or so. The East-end celebrity, however, who is a very triton amongst these minnows, and will "make bet with anybody and for almost any amount," as habitué of the "ring" admiringly assert, does not show himself here much. The truth is, Victoria-street is a different place altogether from the Park, where the West-end levees are held. And those who wish for transactions with our accommodating friend must go to the Red Lion in Poppin's-court, or to the Punch. He is at the Punch at the present moment, in front of the bar, or rather at a little distance from the front of the bar, for he is not drinking anything. A tall, quietly-dressed, amiable-looking man, with a pleasant smile, his hat thrown back upon his head, and a touch of wear and tear upon his face—the look of a man who has a good deal to remember, and needs be wary, but yet not over-cautious. His manner is precisely the same whether he happens to be speaking to "a scull" or to a broken-down gamester who wishes to put a few shillings upon a "safe horse that'll do him some good." Calling in at "Peck's," as it is called, in remembrance of a former landlord in Red Lion-court, there are some celebrities at the bar drinking sherry and bitters. Two or three of them have obtained sobriquets derived from their former trade; and one of these, an individual with a florid complexion, fashionable sporting attire, and a brilliant nose-gay in his buttonhole, is reported to have made a large fortune by the turf.

As the afternoon draws on, the more seemingly prosperous betting-men move westward to the greater attractions of "The Corner." In Tattersall's yard the beggar, who, as a broken-down jockey, with soiled red coat and stained velvet cap, walks about barefoot, selling pencils, joins with the dealers in dogs to find customers amongst the new arrivals. In the adjoining yard, where the central ornament stands like a great umbrella close to the stables, a sale of horses is going on; but it is remarkable that few of the betting-men trouble themselves about this, their curiosity being entirely absorbed by a more engrossing topic. On the other hand, the crowd of buyers and lookers-on who bid for or discuss the merits of the animals seem to have little interest in the expected news of "the winner." They have money upon some of the horses, no doubt; but they are at present occupied in peering at the hoofs and watching the paces of the hunters put up for sale.

Meanwhile the crowd is increasing near the subscription-room, into which certain swells are hurrying; only sundry faint transactions have been concluded at present, a few trifling wagers to fill up the time; and a trace of feverish restlessness begins to display itself amongst some of the loungers, notably in a very young man with a flushed, pink face and a neglected cigar; incoherently with respect to another youth who has been imbibing gin-and-bitters, and sides up to his acquaintances proposing impossible odds in a whisper intended to be confidential.

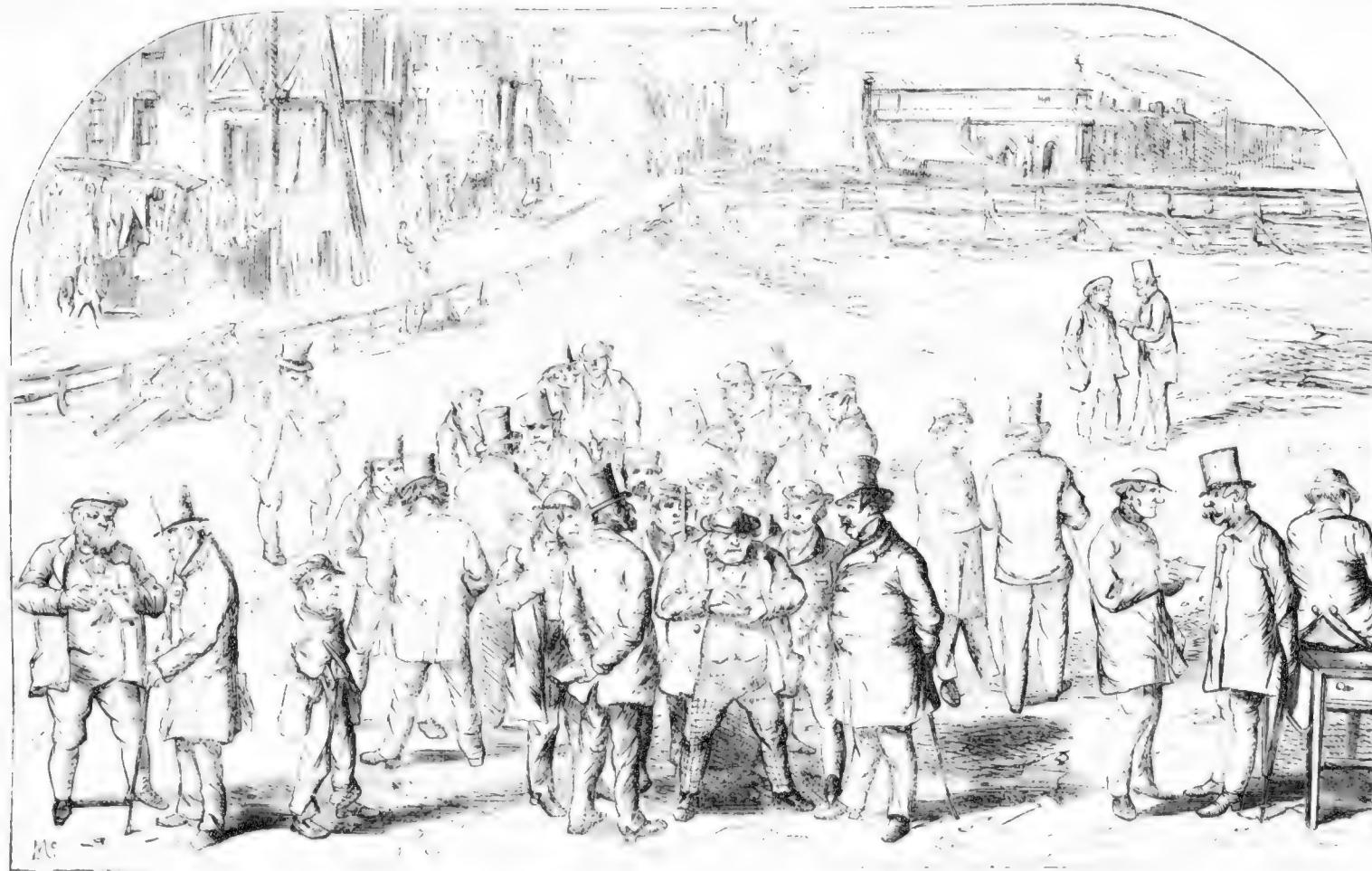
Amongst the company are mild, quiet-looking men, dressed in the neatest and most unpretending style of respectability, one or two tight-legged, apple-faced, horsey-looking grooms, who, having obtained a good tip, chew a straw and wait for results. Of the company going into the room many are dressed in the height of solemn swaddling, with glossy black clothes and white neckerchiefs. One venerable old gentleman must be either a member of the Government or a Bishop; his personal appearance exhibits most of the Bishop, and his manner is calm and confident.

Presently the late arrivals come in; amongst them a busy little man, who hurries through the yard with the announcement that he wants to "put four ponies on the field," at the same time reminding a solemn gentleman in a brown over-coat and a broad-brimmed hat that he owes him "four quid." Then the great East-ender comes in quietly, and almost last, for he has had many people to meet and many proposals to accept or reject. At the last moment a stir amongst the crowd shows that the betting is nearly over for the day, and as he goes on towards the subscription-room the outsiders close round him, catch his unvarying smile and quiet reply, separate, confer together, make fresh stakes against time, stand arranging their books, wake up, and look at their watches. Presently the telegraph will flash the news of the winner to the expectant company in the room, the crowd will disperse, as it has come, quietly and with only a listless and melancholy air, and adjourn once more to taverns, there to reckon up gains and losses over pipes and cigars, to drink either in the flush of success or the despondency of failure, with the anticipations of the settling-day for the great St. Leger.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

The lingering rays of summer sunshine still continue to retard any decided change in outdoor costume. The favourite material at the present intermediary season is foulard. In Paris a superior kind of this silk has been introduced under the name "Foulard d'Orient." It is of a pale cream colour, and produces an extremely elegant effect when trimmed with coloured taffeta. A dress of this new foulard has recently been made up in the following style:—At the bottom of the skirt there is a broad band of violet-coloured taffeta, edged at each side by a narrow black ruche. The corsage, which has a gilet front, and a "bisque pincillon" at the back, is ornamented with violet-coloured pincions. The sleeves are shaped to the elbow, and buttoned on the outside of the arm by a row of large violet-coloured grosgrain buttons. Over this dress is to be worn a burnous of the same material, edged with a broad band of violet-coloured taffeta, and finished with tassels of the same hue.

At present bands of coloured silk are the favourite trimmings for dresses, but their very general adoption forebodes their speedy disfavour. Quilled bouées are also on the decline. It is expected that autumn dresses of silk, or of whatever material they may be



VICTORIA-STREET, E.C.—BETTING-MEN MAKING UP THEIR BOOKS FOR THE ST. LEGER.

made, will be of one uniform colour; that is to say, dress and trimming alike.

The burnouses of black lace, introduced during the summer, are now worn lined with coloured silk. At the seaside the saute-en-barque, made of nankeen-coloured foulard, is highly fashionable. The large circular cape called the collet is also much in favour. It may be made of white or coloured cachmere, and is trimmed in various fanciful styles with passementerie, fringe, &c. Some of these capes, made of black silk or black cachmere, are trimmed with deep falls of guipure.

Hats worn at the seaside and in the country are of straw, either white or coloured. Those of white straw usually have a band of black lace or black velvet round the crown, fastened in a bow, with long flowing ends at the back of the hat; in front may be fixed a bouquet of cornflowers and wheatears, or flowers mixed with fruit. Hats of black or brown straw are trimmed with coloured ribbon—as blue, magenta, or violet. To the ribbon trimming may be added, either feathers or flowers, according to taste.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. Robe of maize-coloured taffety, figured with a pattern imitating black lace, and consisting of black sprigs scattered over a net ground. At the edge of the skirt there is a flounce of plain maize-coloured taffety, with a border of black guipure and heading of guipure insertion. The corsage and sleeves are trimmed with black guipure insertion and narrow lace set on in quillings. Bonnet of white tulle bouillonné, with bavot covered with blonde. On the outside, and exactly in front, a large coquille of blonde fixing a bouquet of white flowers and a small plume of mauve-coloured feathers.

Fig. 2. Dress of white organdie muslin, figured with large spots. At each side of the skirt the muslin is lined with a breadth of magenta-coloured silk, thus forming side trimmings which are edged round with Valenciennes lace. The skirt of the robe is edged all



GENERAL McCLELLAN, FEDERAL ARMY. SEE PAGE 331.

round with the same. The sleeves are very full, but slightly confined at the ends by a bouillonné with insertion of magenta ribbon, finished by a frill of Valenciennes. The corsage is high at the back, but open and square in front, and finished at the top by a bouillonné and fall of Valenciennes. Broad ceinture of magenta ribbon. Cap of white lace, pointed in front of the forehead in the Mary Stuart style, and ornamented with bouquets of magenta-coloured flowers.

Fig. 3. Robe of white jaconet muslin, with a narrow flounce of the same at the edge of the skirt. Above the flounce are two groups of tucks, separated by a row of needlework. The corsage is high to the throat, and the sleeves demi-long, trimmed to correspond with the skirt. The ceinture, which is tied in bow with long ends at the back of the waist, consists of a broad slip of mauve-coloured silk cut out at the edges. Coiffure of the same silk, linked with the bows of hair at the back of the head, the long ends flowing loosely.

Fig. 4. Dress of maize-coloured foulard, trimmed with rows of cerise-coloured velvet of graduated widths. The corsage is in the style of a zouave jacket, and under it is worn a gilet of white piqué, ornamented with red embroidery. Cap of white guipure, trimmed with clusters of red berries and foliage.

Fig. 5. Tunic of white worked muslin, edged with a border of maroon-coloured velvet, ornamented with straw embroidery, and finished with straw fringe. The corsage and sleeves have a corresponding trimming, but of narrower width. Under the tunic is worn a skirt of plain muslin, with a flounce at the edge, and above it several rows of needlework insertion. Headdress a wreath of blue cornflowers, and ends of narrow blue velvet.

Fig. 6. Dress of white muslin, with double skirt. The upper one edged with a bias fold of blue taffety. Four ends of blue ribbon descend from the waist and flow loosely over the upper skirt. A draped corsage, with "nœuds de page" of blue ribbon on the shoulders. Headdress a pompadour wreath of pink roses.



AUTUMN FASHIONS

SEPT. 20, 1862.

THE WORKSHOPS OF ENGLAND.—NO. XV.—THE COALBROOKDALE COMPANY'S IRONWORKS, COALBROOKDALE, SHROPSHIRE.

SINCE the days of Tubal Cain, whose short but emphatic biography as the first instructor of artificers in brass and iron makes his name one of the most prominent in the history of mankind, the workmen of the forge and the foundry have been foremost amongst the pioneers of civilisation. Ours may be called the Iron Age in a better and more universal sense, perhaps, than any other, since the metal which was once held to be the representative of stern reality and uncompromising warfare has become a material by which the sciences are developed and the arts find adequate expression in the beautiful variety of design which may be borne by common household implements in daily use.

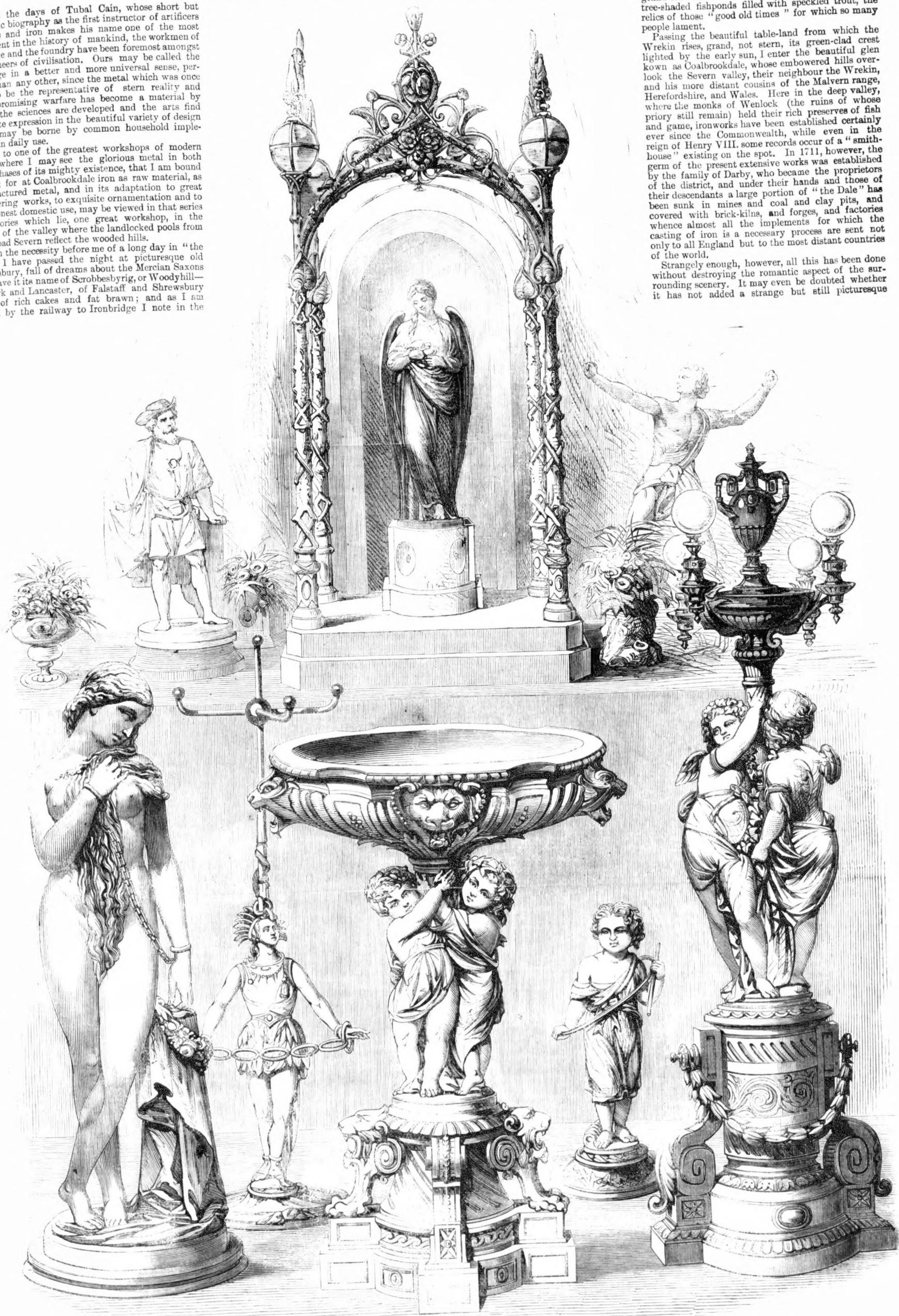
It is to one of the greatest workshops of modern times, where I may see the glorious metal in both these phases of its mighty existence, that I am bound to-day; for at Coalbrookdale iron as raw material, as manufactured metal, and in its adaptation to great engineering works, to exquisite ornamentation and to commonest domestic use, may be viewed in that series of factories which lie, one great workshop, in the bosom of the valley where the landlocked pools from the broad Severn reflect the wooded hills.

With the necessity before me of a long day in "the Dale," I have passed the night at picturesque old Shrewsbury, full of dreams about the Mercian Saxons who gave it its name of Scrobbesbyrig, or Woodyhill—of York and Lancaster, of Falstaff and Shrewsbury of clock, of rich cakes and fat brawn; and as I am carried by the railway to Ironbridge I note in the

grand old ruins of Buildwas Abbey, with its deep and tree-shaded fishponds filled with speckled trout, the relics of those "good old times" for which so many people lament.

Passing the beautiful table-land from which the Wrekin rises, grand, not stern, its green-clad crest lighted by the early sun, I enter the beautiful glen known as Coalbrookdale, whose embowered hills overlook the Severn valley, their neighbour the Wrekin, and his more distant cousins of the Malvern range, Herefordshire, and Wales. Here in the deep valley, where the monks of Wenlock (the ruins of whose priory still remain) held their rich preserves of fish and game, ironworks have been established certainly ever since the Commonwealth, while even in the reign of Henry VIII. some records occur of a "smithhouse" existing on the spot. In 1711, however, the germ of the present extensive works was established by the family of Darby, who became the proprietors of the district, and under their hands and those of their descendants a large portion of "the Dale" has been sunk in mines and coal and clay pits, and covered with brick-kilns, and forges, and factories whence almost all the implements for which the casting of iron is a necessary process are sent not only to all England but to the most distant countries of the world.

Strangely enough, however, all this has been done without destroying the romantic aspect of the surrounding scenery. It may even be doubted whether it has not added a strange but still picturesque



SELECTION FROM OBJECTS DISPLAYED IN THE COURTYARD OF THE COALBROOKDALE COMPANY, IN THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

feature to the otherwise silent gorge where the trout still leap in the old pools, and come up readily to the well-cast fly.

It was at the Coalbrookdale Works that the first improvements in the manufacture of iron were carried out. Here, also, iron tramways first came into use, and the castings for the early engines of Boulton and Watt were made. Nay, I am now crossing the first iron bridge, which, constructed to span the Severn on a single arch of 100ft., still stands, apparently as firm as when it was first erected, at the expense of Mr. Abraham Darby, in 1779.

I have no time to linger on the bridge, however, for the works extend for some seven miles round, and include brick-kilns, terra-cotta works (a new branch, but lately introduced), blast-furnaces for making pig iron, puddling-furnaces, rolling-forges and rolling-mills, and the range of workshops where the immense operations in casting are now carried on—operations which include the production of those exquisite gates, ornamental stoves, and interior decorations which have been so attractive at the company's court at the Great Exhibition, and at the same time involve the manufacture of fryingpans and iron pots, which, indeed, under the general name of "hollow ware," formed the principal trade some two centuries ago, and is still a very considerable branch of the business.

Having been well accredited to Mr. Charles Crookes, under whose experienced management the whole of these enormous works are conducted, I find an open carriage waiting for me, since the roads are somewhat steep, and a wet day has made them rather heavy walking. By these means, and under the valuable guidance of the manager himself, I am able to make a tour of the principal departments, even a rapid visit to all of which requires an entire day.

The first object which claims my attention is a mill for grinding the corn for the workpeople—an arrangement which may be better understood when it is remembered that more than 3000 men, women, and children are employed by the company. The pretty little garden plots which I see are attached to the cottages in Lightmoor Valley are many of them freeholds belonging to the operatives themselves. Mr. Crookes informs me that these small holdings are encouraged amongst the people, and that since his residence amongst them, during (I think) thirty years, "strikes have been unknown."

Leaving these behind, I reach the great heaps of ironstone in the vicinity of the mines—enormous mounds, upon the hammering, sifting, and sorting the ore as it is brought to the surface. The whole hillside and the undulating platforms of tableland are broken up by the ruins of old pits, their former mouths inclosed in order to keep unwary passengers from their treacherous vicinity. There are at present more than forty iron and coal pits in process of working, and the great mounds of ironstone, "clunch"—of which fire-bricks are made—and a peculiar black clay found with the iron, but of no particular value, almost rival the natural hills which rear their wooded heights above. These are again superseded, however, by the mountains of furnace refuse, cinder, and slag which lie covered with the coltsfoot, which here grows in luxuriant abundance, and showing rich tints of red and green and brown. The tramways from the mines supply the iron and coal to the furnaces towards which we are journeying, and the refuse brought from those furnaces accumulates till year by year the heaps grow larger and make fresh artificial hills scarcely less verdant than the natural eminences beneath which they are formed.

From the mines on my way to the great blast-furnaces I pay a short visit to the brickworks and tile-kilns, where a large business is done in bricks and tiles of all descriptions, made from a superior kind of clay found on the spot. The completeness of these works very far exceeds any ordinary brickfield, since the operations are conducted under well-built covered sheds, and even the men who attend the kilns are sheltered by an arch which protects them from the wet and the keen winds, both matters of no little importance on these Shropshire slopes. A number of boys and girls are employed on these works; but to the factories belonging to the company a school is attached, and no child is admitted to work until after the age of twelve years, or unless they have previously received some education. One of these schools, which I shall pass presently near—Horsehay—is a really fine structure, looking like nobleman's mansion, and they are all under Government inspection.

Near the brickworks the new terra-cotta works have recently commenced operations. Some of the productions of this department are to be seen at the Great Exhibition, in the department with Maw's tiles, not far from the Coalbrookdale Court; and here I see in the clean modelling-shed some of the same vases and flowerpots and stovebacks as are there displayed. I notice, too, some of those beautiful mignonette-boxes which are made to resemble carved wood, and are, to my thinking, amongst the prettiest of all the adaptations of this branch of plastic art.

Just outside these works another huge heap rises: it is composed of clay taken from the spot, weighs some 25,000 tons, and will be used for fire-bricks.

The blast-furnaces stand in the more open country, so that I leave the rest of the works behind on my way to them. Very strange and almost terrible they look—their blackened shafts reared like grim old beacon-towers crested with fire, while between them the verdant sweep of country, hill and vale, smiles under the noon-day sun. There are seven of these blast-furnaces, some of them the oldest in the country, and one devoted to that fine, grey iron peculiar to the Coalbrookdale Company, of which this furnace will turn out 120 tons a week. Up to the very feet of these fiery monsters the green coltsfoot trails its broad, downy leaves; and it is a wildly picturesque spectacle to see in the gloaming of an autumn night the opening of the furnace-tap through which the liquid iron comes lapping into the channels of sand, running into the trough which forms what is called "the sow," and so branching off into the shorter bars which represent "the pigs." Lighted up with a red glare, the brickwork, the faces and bodies of the half-naked men, as they stand reeking by the flood of fire and the tall shafts with their blazing crests, stand in forcible contrast with the darkening valley and the distant uplands where the sun September night is falling.

It is necessary to follow the "pigs," however, in their journey to the works at Horsehay, where they go to be manufactured into bar iron of various qualities, the company's annual manufacture of this material

being about 18,000 tons. Here, in a large area like an immense open shed, where I am surrounded by the din of wheels and hammers and the glow of furnaces, I am introduced to the puddling-furnaces. Of



CRINOLINE UMBRELLA STAND.

variously-sized grooves, and between these cylinders the "bloom" is squeezed and lengthened into a forged bar. Each of the puddling-furnaces will receive 25½ cwt. of pig iron in the twelve hours, from which about 23½ cwt. is obtained for the manufacture of bar iron.

At the rolling-mills the iron is again subject to the pressure of revolving cylinders of enormous power. To these I see the white-hot slabs carried on the iron trucks, seized by the attendant workmen with their long tongs, and caught with the utmost precision by the rollers, from between which it ultimately comes forth a great broad plate of iron. As it is drawn between the rollers the enormous pressure spits the soft and almost liquid surface of the hot iron in a fiery shower—a fact of which I am reminded by the sudden pattering upon my hat of a few drops of this redhot rain, to see the cause of which I had ventured into the direction whence it was thrown.

I should like to stay and listen to the stories of those herculean men who are standing at the hammer, to learn something of their habits, their immense strength, and their possible earnings, but I have yet the largest portion of the works to visit, the largest because of the variety of the manufactures it includes.

Once more towards the starting-point, then, to see the process of casting in all its branches, from the enormous plates which are being riveted to the structure of that great iron bridge constructed for the Severn Junction Railway, one of the largest span yet made for the same purpose, and which will cost thousands, to the three-legged iron pot destined to swing above the fire in an African encampment, and which is sold for tenpence. The first operation towards casting is, of course, designing; and here, in a light, clean room, close to the brookside, the designers are at work with wax and plaster. A most artistic gas branch for the station of the Underground Railway is at present being modelled on a board, and surrounding the room are several of the designs which have already become popular. From the designs are made the patterns in wood, iron, and white metal. The making of these occupies a long range of buildings, in which a large number of men are employed. The Coalbrookdale Company, indeed, keep a greater variety of patterns than any other manufacturers in England.

Going out into the yards where the principal casting-houses are built, I became somewhat confused amidst stacks of pig and piles of scrap iron, furnaces, machinery, and all the appliances of an enormous factory. Here the cupola-furnaces receive the pig iron used for the various descriptions of casting, and the portable iron pots carried like a sedan-chair are continually coming for a fresh supply of the metal-stream, and going with it to the casting-houses. Amongst the furnaces is one now disused blast-furnace, which, like the organ of a parish church, bears the date of its original erection, 1658, and its subsequent renewal by Abraham Darby in 1777.

It would be impossible within these limits to give any detailed description of the various processes of casting, including the beautiful manipulation by which the sand-moulds are prepared with reverse sides, and the "cores" for hollow figures. The moulds are boxes of a peculiar description of sand into which the patterns are pressed, and so one side of the work obtained; the other side is similarly prepared, if it is intended to make a solid casting. If a hollow casting is required, the mould is prepared with a hollow pattern, into the impression made by which a solid "core" fits, leaving between the surfaces a space equal to the thickness of the metal. When the two boxes, or the mould and its "reverse," are brought together the liquid metal is run in, passes through small channels in the sand left for the purpose, and the casting is complete.

If it is difficult to describe the process, it is certainly impossible to enumerate the different articles in course of manufacture. Gates, chimneypieces, doors, stoves, ranges, garden seats and chairs, greenhouses, fenders, gas-chandeliers and brackets, gas and hot-water apparatus (for which the company have a high reputation), hat and umbrella stands, vases, card-baskets, and a hundred articles of mechanical, architectural, scientific, or domestic use, are being made every day and all day long. I am fortunate in seeing a pair of magnificent gates, similar to those in the Great Exhibition, in their various stages, one gate having just been cast, and the moulds for the other being just completed. The pattern is about to be lifted, and, as it is removed piece by piece from the mould, I see with what precision and sharpness the form of scroll, and stem, and flower is left in the evenly-prepared and firmly-compressed sand. The casting, which has but lately been effected, of one gate is so clean and perfect that not a speck or a defect can be detected in it, although it lies there untrimmed by chisel or file. It weighs nearly a ton, and is the largest piece of casting of an ornamental character ever produced in this country without a flaw.

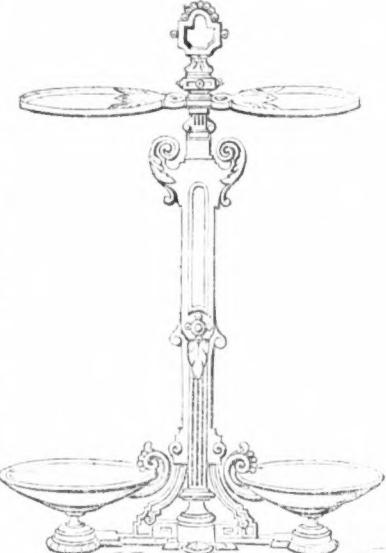
Desiring to see the manufacture of a fryingpan, I am taken to a large building where this department is carried on, and am not a little surprised to discover that the mould for this useful article is made in a manner precisely similar to those of more pretensions—that it requires nearly as large a degree of skill: still more to mould the iron pots, of which, with their humble neighbours, thousands are contained in an immense warehouse, piled from floor to ceiling. Water power is very largely employed at Coalbrookdale for the heavy engines, including some of the great lathes used for turning the iron, but a considerable adaptation of steam power is also required for the various descriptions of machinery.

The fitting-shops receive the smaller castings, and here all their parts are properly fitted together; while in the chasing and bronzing rooms that exquisite ornamentation for which these works are celebrated is carried on by a band of skilled artisans. It will be remembered that for the fine description of ornamental castings the company gained a council medal in 1851, and that they also received a medal in Paris for their process of electrolytic bronzing, which secures not only a beautiful appearance but astonishing durability of surface. From the photographic studio in which pictorial records of the elaborate designs executed on the works are preserved I am compelled to turn once more towards Ironbridge, on my way back to Shrewsbury. Not

however, without admiring the church (built by the Darby family, whose beautiful peal of bells must sound with peaceful effect as they chime over the dale where the busy workshops lie in Sabbath stillness—not without a rapid visit to the handsome structure (which stands so well as the companion of the sacred edifice) where the Literary and Scientific Institution is conducted. This building, which was erected from the designs and under the direction of Mr. Crookes, is, indeed, the most complete I have ever seen, and contains, besides a handsome and spacious lecture-hall, with a fine gallery and commodious platform, a reading-room and library, various smaller apartments, and a well-appointed studio, in which the members are taught drawing by a thoroughly-competent master. The collection of models, casts, and studies are of the very best description, and, to judge by some of the drawings executed by the pupils, are thoroughly appreciated, and must have a marvellous effect in the cultivation of that artistic taste amongst the workmen for which Mr. Crookes himself possesses no small reputation. With the pleasing impressions of this eminent social institution, and of the benefit which it is calculated to convey to the employees of the Coalbrookdale Ironworks, I heartily shake hands with the energetic manager and take my departure for Shrewsbury.

Coming back to London with the recollections of this great workshop still upon me, I renew my acquaintance with such of its productions as are exhibited in the company's court at the Great Exhibition. One fact which I discover immediately is that the specimens placed there are not specially prepared, many of those of the same design at the works being in reality more highly finished: but I notice some old friends with more attention than I could bestow upon them while they were in the course of manufacture. The superb gates, of course, have been one of the attractions of the exhibition, but I must dwell again upon that magnificent stove supported by figures and ornamented with designs illustrating Shakespeare's "Tempest." The marvellous fineness of the casting and the strange suggestion of wind which is expressed in the hair, the drapery, and the whole pose of the figures is one of the most artistic effects ever obtained in metal.

Amongst the small elegances of which so many are purchased by visitors it would be difficult to select examples; but assuredly that little fellow with the hoop forms one of the pleasantest designs for



PLAIN IRON UMBRELLA-STAND.

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OPERA AND CONCERTS.

THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL appears to have been unusually successful, and we are glad to see, from the accounts of the proceedings published by our daily contemporaries, that at Gloucester, at least, there is an end to the controversy, of such long standing, as to whether a cathedral is a proper place in which to perform an oratorio—or, rather, whether an oratorio is a proper work to be performed in a cathedral. That section of the Gloucester clergy which has hitherto objected to the festival has done so chiefly on the ground that it interfered with the ordinary religious services in the cathedral, without raising in a direct manner the question of the suitability of sacred music to a place of worship. As morning and evening service are now recited and chanted at festival time as at other seasons, the only opposition that can be made to the "meetings of the three choirs" must henceforth be on the plea of the aforesaid unsuitability of religious music in a religious edifice. We know that in Roman Catholic countries musical celebrations are frequently held in churches, as, for instance, on St. Cecilia's Day, and on the name-day of the saint after whom the church is entitled. The Dissenters convert their chapels on occasion into schoolrooms, and even hold public examinations and prize meetings in them, at which the young students are refreshed with tea, muffins, and admonitory addresses. Then, to come to the Church of England, a grand musical festival was held some forty years ago in Westminster Abbey for the benefit of the Royal Academy of Music, the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy is held every year at St. Paul's, and festivals have taken place and oratorios been performed in the cathedrals of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford for upwards of a century. As far as tradition is concerned, then, there is nothing at variance with the general Christian practice in occasionally employing a place of worship for purposes (of a lofty nature) other than that of prayer; and in the Church of England, in particular, it has long been the custom to give performances of oratorios and sacred music of various kinds in our cathedrals for the benefit of certain charities.

Not only has this custom received the sanction of many of the wisest and best of our clergy during the last century and a half, but it is a laudable custom in itself. If hymns and psalms can be performed with propriety in a church, why cannot oratorios, which are to a great extent made up of hymns and psalms developed on a grand scale? If psalm-music is to be tolerated at all, what objection can be made to Mendelssohn's beautiful setting of Psalm xl? so often introduced at festivals, or to one of the same composer's choruses in "Elijah?" or, to go a step further, to "Elijah" entire? Once admit sacred music into churches and to think of excluding oratorios is worse than ridiculous.

We can understand some sensitive, scrupulous persons objecting to oratorios altogether, on the ground that such a subject as (let us say) that of "The Messiah" is too sacred and awful to be treated more or less in the style of an opera; but it so happens that this objection is never made, and that Exeter Hall is crowded whenever an oratorio is performed by thousands of amateurs who are notoriously devout.

Is it, then, with intrusting the execution of the oratorios given at

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festivals to professional singers, or with the system of selling the tickets of admission, that fault is found?

As to the former point, we need only observe that if oratories are to be played at all they ought to be played well, for which reason the principal parts must of necessity be placed in the hands of vocalists who make singing their profession. What, too, is the organist at every cathedral but a professional musician? What are the choristers?

As to the latter, it is clear that the selling of tickets for charitable purposes is the one thing that would justify the holding of these festivals if they could be justified in no other manner. To perform the finest sacred music in the most perfect manner for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the poor clergy of the diocese—that is the general programme of all the cathedral festivals, and naturally the tickets have to be sold.

Every year, however, the attacks on those interesting and, in all senses, excellent celebrations grow weaker and weaker, and in time we may expect even the *Record* to give up assailing and misrepresenting them.

We hear from Brighton that M. Thalberg did not obtain so much success as might have been expected at the concert which he recently gave there. One lady fell into a fainting fit, but not in the style of the spasmodic sufferers who used to be carried kicking out of the concert-room under the influence of M. Liszt's performances when M. Liszt was at the height of his musical and mesmeric fury. M. Thalberg's victim appears to have fainted from natural causes. In most places, however, where M. Thalberg has appeared during his provincial tour he has been received with enthusiastic applause, and has fully maintained his immense reputation—though, certainly, the style of music to which he so exclusively confines himself is apt to tire the hearer when he has to listen to it continuously for some two hours or more.

There is still some talk of the English Opera Company commencing proceedings this autumn, and the *Musical World* even tells us that Her Majesty's Theatre has been taken for the purpose, though (according to the same authority) the ultimate home of the new enterprise is to be Drury Lane. Our contemporary informs us that Madam Titiens is to be the prima donna, and calls attention to the inconsistency of the directors laying so much stress upon the thoroughly English character of the institution they hope to found, and at the same time engaging a German lady as principal vocalist. No one has the least right to object to a company being formed for representing English or any other operas; but there certainly is some little affection in the promoters of the English Opera Company ignoring the existence of the Royal English Opera and speaking of a national Opera as something never before heard of in this country. It seems to us that Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Santley, Mr. Weiss, and a number of other singers now engaged at Covent Garden are English; that Mr. Alfred Mellon and the great majority of his orchestra are English; that the chorus is English; and that the composers whose works are habitually performed, and most of whom have written specially for this theatre (Messrs. Balf, Wallace, Macfarren, Loder, Mellon, &c.), are English. Is not Mr. Henry Leslie, whose "Romance" was produced at Covent Garden two or three years ago, English (the plot of the libretto, by-the-way, was French)? Is not even Mr. Chorley English (differing in that respect from the curious language into which he has translated "Dinorah")?

We say again that there is no harm in getting up a second English Opera. Paris, with a smaller population than London, has three Operas, more or less national; and there is perhaps no reason why London should not have two—except, indeed, that the second one is not very likely to succeed. That, however, is a matter which chiefly concerns the projector. All that we find fault with in their proceedings is the cool assumption that we have no English Opera at the present moment, when all the directors and members of the new association know perfectly well that we have had an excellent one for the last seven years.

Senor Arcas, a guitarist of great reputation in his own country, gave what he called a concert last week in London. Strictly speaking, a series of performances on one single instrument does not constitute a concert; but the celebrated Spanish guitarist might have pleaded in this instance that he introduced not only the guitar bodily, but by suggestion the trombone and other instruments which he knows how to imitate. It must not be supposed, however, that Senor Arcas confines himself to playing tricks upon the guitar. As a rule, he performs upon it in the most legitimate style; but he knows all its resources, and apparently likes to show, from time to time, what a variety of effects he can obtain from it. Most of the pieces performed by Senor Arcas were fantasias on operatic airs on the national songs and dance-tunes of Spain—all of his own composition, and especially remarkable for the richness of their accompaniment. Senor Arcas possesses marvellous powers of execution; while, as regards expression, the guitar in his hands becomes as eloquent an instrument as the violin.

LAW AND CRIME.

THE FRENCH REFRESHMENT FAILURE.

The failure of M. Veillard, the contractor for the French refreshment department at the International Exhibition, may serve as a useful illustration of the working of the law of bankruptcy in its present improved state. At the commencement of the exhibition, M. Veillard was accepted by the commissioners as a fit and proper person to undertake a position requiring labour, tact, and experience, commanding a great extent of trust, and entailing heavy responsibilities, not altogether pecuniary. He was required to deposit in their hands a sum of £500 as caution money, and this sum he accordingly raised, it is said, with assistance. This "caution money" contrivance has, naturally enough, failed utterly, as might have been easily prognosticated. For, even had it been quadrupled, the effect would have been, not to increase, but to diminish proportionally the contractor's stability, by augmenting his liabilities instead of his capital, and of starting him bound in the fetters of the money-lender. Who is now to get this £500, or whether the commissioners are to retain it, we cannot say; but it certainly forms in any case a poor set-off to the £20,000 of debts which M. Veillard has contrived to incur without prospect of payment, beyond 5s. in the pound, within the short space of barely five months. The career of

M. Veillard has during that time been well before the public, not always advantageously. No one could have been more liberal towards those "gentlemen of the press," not always accredited, who chose to accept his liberality. No one has ever had better occasion to lament the popular delusion that any metropolitan newspaper, however cheap in price, can be purchased by champagne dinners given to its reporters, however high their position above that of the mere penny-a-liner. When it was once found that M. Veillard's charges were nothing less than extortionate, and indignant victims began to "write to the papers," there was scarcely a journal but gave vent to their outcry, all gratuitous dinners, dejeuners, and hock, and sparkling moselle to our "special correspondent" notwithstanding. Not even the excitement of a holiday at the great show could suffice to enable the Briton to keep his temper against the charge of twopence for two quarters of a penny roll, eighteenpence for three pennyworth of peas, and general confiscation of change by waiters. M. Veillard's system of business had only to be tested to be exposed, only to be exposed to be overthrown. However much one may regret the downfall of the individual, no one can feel a moment's regret that a system of grossly overcharging the public in its most unguarded moments of relaxation has met with its due punishment, and henceforward survives in popular memory as a warning against similar misdoings. From the time of the press exposures M. Veillard's business naturally enough declined and began to display those tokens of decay which always make themselves known in a failing public establishment. At last the crash came, and with the publicity necessarily given in consequence to certain of M. Veillard's fiscal matters there comes out a curious story of an honourable Mr. Cadogan. Mr. Cadogan has had already £2000 from M. Veillard, and claims still a thousand more. He has been the worm silently gnawing at the core of this fruit which has just dropped unripe but rotten from the tree. Why has Mr. Cadogan received this money? From so much as we are allowed to learn, his claim has been for his influence in promoting M. Veillard's interests in arranging the contract and generally in assisting in a variety of ways his employer, the Monsieur. Whether the honourable gentleman's aid was afforded in such details as the washing and warming of plates is more than we can say; but, comparing the way in which these duties were or were not performed with that in which M. Veillard's interests have or have not been promoted, we can scarcely avoid fancying that the pecuniary and culinary arrangements have betrayed touches of the same master hand, the index finger of which has pointed so plainly to bankruptcy. This, as well as perhaps some other matters are subjects upon which the creditors of the concern might reasonably require particular information. But here comes into the matter the element of British bankruptcy law. The whole business, stock, and plant are disposed of for a few hundreds, forming almost the only available assets, and then the creditors are told that if they disapprove of the arrangement and decline the composition the whole affair will be cast into bankruptcy. Every one knows what that means. No wonder that three-fourths of the creditors pass a resolution, by law binding on the minority, agreeing to accept just what is offered them. The gratification of reasonable curiosity on certain points is sacrificed for the receipt of 25 per cent in full on a just debt, and M. Veillard and his honourable assistant escape personal cross-examination. The public knows, and is to know, no more of the affair. M. Veillard may be one of the most honest and unfortunate of men. With him we have nothing further to do. But following the idea pointed out in our first sentence, and taking this case as a legal illustration, we cannot help thinking that it might have been perfectly feasible for any person less scrupulously honest than M. Veillard, even less skilled in his vocation and less conscientious in his carrying of it out, to have accepted this contract on apparently more favourable terms, to have deposited a higher sum of borrowed caution-money, to have charged 2s. for a plate of peas and 6d. for a roll, to have never given change at all, to have failed for above £20,000, after having paid half that sum to some coadjutor not honourable at all, and, after having offered the creditors less than 5s. in the pound, flourishing the new Bankruptcy Act like a bludgeon in their faces meanwhile, to have received a joyful discharge, and to have retired upon the profits subsequently divided with the "assistant." In the present instance, however, this has not been the case; and the creditors may sing "Jubilate," and bless their fortunate stars, not the law, that their loss has been no greater.

POLICE.

HEARTLESS AND UNNATURAL ROBBERY.—Eleanor Ades, twenty-three, and John Perkins, twenty-four, basketmaker, of Whitechapel, were charged as detailed below:—Eliza Evans appeared in deep mourning, and, on seeing the female prisoner, burst into tears. On being sworn she said she resided at 15, Hawley-road, Kentish-town, and her husband, through ill-health, had been obliged to resign his situation as clerk at the Bank of England. The female prisoner is her sister, and was staying with her. On Tuesday of last week witness went out in the afternoon, and on her return home found her sister had left and taken a deal of property with her, among which was a gold watch, gold guard, two sets of gold rings, three gold rings, gold toothpick, two sets of gold earrings, silver brooch, waistcoat, trousers, handkerchiefs, and over fourteen yards of black silk. Witness gave information to the police, and from what she subsequently heard she went to a place called Little Houghton, where she saw her sister in a room with the male prisoner. Witness asked her how she could do such a thing as rob her, for she must be sure it would be found out, and her sister replied that she did not know, but she had done it. The boxes were opened, and the property was in them. Her sister told her that she had left or pledged a ring with the landlord of the John Bull public-house, Commercial-street, Whitechapel, and another ring with a woman at the Cock Tavern, Bishopsgate. The male prisoner had some of witness's husband's clothes on; he was sitting by the fireplace handcuffed, and her sister was standing by the table crying much.

It was stated that the male prisoner had been sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for horse-stealing at Ipswich.

Both prisoners were remanded.

A CLERICAL IMPOSTOR.—The Rev. Thomas A. Freeman was brought before Mr. Selfe, the presiding magistrate, charged by Mr. Harper Twelvetrees with fraudulently obtaining from him the sum of £2 2s. by false pretences.

Mr. Harper Twelvetrees said that, early in the month of August, the prisoner at the bar called at his house at Bromley, describing himself as the Rev. Thomas Freeman, and told him that he was about to erect a

Congregational chapel, and asked him if he would kindly undertake to lay the foundation-stone early in September. Witness told him that he expected to be out of town at that time, and could not promise. He gathered from the prisoner that he was very anxious to get £200 to pay for the site to Mr. Duvat, and he gave him £2 2s., thinking, from his representations, he only required a few pounds more to make up the amount. The prisoner showed him a list of several clergymen and other respectable persons who, he said, had contributed towards erecting the chapel, and he had already collected over £100. He also said that he was to be the pastor of the church, and his congregation was at present worshipping at Perseverance Hall. Among the alleged contributors on his list were Baron Rothschild, M.P., for £50; Mr. Pyer, the chief clerk of the court, for £20; Dr. H. Wilett, and Dr. Oxley. Two days afterwards he received a letter setting forth that his name was being freely used, and he sent to Dr. Hewlett. The prisoner called again, and witness said that it was only fair that he should have some proof that the representations he had made were genuine. The prisoner then produced a recommendation from a clergyman to the Bishop to ordain him for holy orders, and what appeared to be a diploma. The list of subscribers bore the name of Thomas Fairburn, Esq., described as the secretary. He also said that Joshua Wilson had refused to lend him £800 for the building, which he had expected to receive. Witness asked him if he would take him to Thomas Fairburn, Esq., and Dr. Oxley. Witness went and saw Dr. Oxley as he was entering a shop in Hackney-road, who said that he knew nothing of the matter beyond the fact that the prisoner had called at his house soliciting subscriptions. He then went to a Mr. Marsh—another person the prisoner had named—and, upon inquiring of him whether he had given his sanction to the affair, he replied, "All I know of the man is that he gave me an order for his new chapel." Witness drove on to a cottage containing two rooms, but no Mr. Fairburn lived there. On Monday night, accompanied by a police-constable, he went into Grove-road, and gave the prisoner into custody, who was taken to the station-house and locked up.

After some further evidence showing that the prisoner had used the names of gentlemen who had subscribed as directors and supporters of his scheme in order to obtain further contributions, and that he had stolen and pledged some books,

Mr. Inspector Griffin said that the prisoner could be proved to have been committing frauds, and obtaining goods and money under false pretences, for years past.

George Houghton, of 24, Frederick's-place, Ball's Pond-road, said that the prisoner came to his master's house on the 9th of March, 1861, and borrowed a dissolving view apparatus for a religious entertainment. He was to have paid for the use of it and the time of witness's attendance in working it, but he never did. He told Mr. Moody, his master, that he should pay witness. A judgment summons was taken out at the County Court, but it could not be served, as the prisoner could not be seen except on Sundays, when he went preaching about at different chapels.

The police said if the prisoner was remanded a variety of other charges could be proved.

Mr. Selfe therefore remanded the prisoner.

A CLERGYMAN'S EXAMPLE.—At the Bow-street Police Court a middle-aged gentleman in clerical costume, who gave the name of the Rev. Henry Hoskins, Hackney-terrace, Hackney, was charged with being drunk and committing several assaults upon females in the Strand. On Saturday night he had been seen in Trafalgar-square flourishing his walking-stick about. He then ran along the Strand a short distance and seized a young female by the waist. She struggled some time before she could get away from him, and then he went on flourishing his stick as before. He then struck an elderly woman, and seized another female by the waist. He was quite drunk.

The defendant said he was only carrying his stick as another person would, and as he always carried his umbrella, twirling it round occasionally. He denied the alleged assaults.

A friend of the defendant, who also appeared to be a minister of religion, said he had known defendant many years, and did not believe he would get drunk.

Mr. Corrie—If not drunk he must have been insane, then.

The friend said he was not insane.

Mr. Corrie fined the defendant 40s., which was immediately paid.

THE LAW AS TO INTRODUCING SPIRITS IN WORKHOUSES.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED TIMES.)

SIR,—The police news in the ILLUSTRATED TIMES of Sept. 13 sets forth that one Anne Brown, a pauper inmate of St. George's Workhouse, was charged before a magistrate with being drunk and introducing spirits into the workhouse. Instead of Mr. Baddesley, the governor of the workhouse, pointing the magistrate to clause 92 of the Poor-law Act, he should have called the attention of that gentleman to article 146, which says:—"If any pauper, above the age of fourteen years, unlawfully introduce, or attempt to introduce, any spirituous or fermented liquor into the workhouse, the master may cause such pauper to be forthwith taken before a justice of the peace to be dealt with according to law." Sections 91 and 92 of the Poor-law Amendment Act show "That if any person [mark the term used] shall carry, bring, or introduce, or attempt or endeavour to carry, bring, or introduce, into any workhouse now or hereafter to be established any spirituous or fermented liquor without the order in writing of the master of such workhouse, it shall be lawful for the master of such workhouse, or any officer of the same acting under his direction, to apprehend such offender, and to carry him or her before a justice of the peace, who is hereby empowered to hear and determine such offence in a summary way; and, upon conviction thereof, the party so offending shall forfeit and pay any sum not exceeding ten pounds for every such offence as such justice may direct; and, in default of payment of the penalty hereby imposed, such justice may, and is hereby required to, commit such offender to the common gaol or house of correction for the district in which such workhouse shall be situated for any space of time not exceeding two calendar months, unless such penalty shall be sooner paid."

Can words be plainer as to the duty and power of the justice; and yet Mr. Arnold "remarked he had too much doubt to commit."

Said Act, sec. 93, enacts a penalty of £20, or, in default of payment, six months' imprisonment, on masters of workhouses who unlawfully introduce spirituous liquors into the workhouses of which they are the governors.

I shall feel obliged if you will give this communication a place in your next Issue, so that your readers may not be in ignorance how the law stands regarding this question.

But without leading to any material change in prices, Turkish Script has risen 2 1/2 to 13s.; Russian, 1 to 13 per cent.; and Portuguese, 2 to 24 per cent. Brazilian Four-and-a-Half per Cent. have risen 10 1/2%; Buenos Ayres Six per Cent., 9 1/2%; Mexican Three per Cent., 8 1/2%; Peru, 10 1/2%; Chile, 10%; and Argentina, 10%. Russian Old Six per Cent., 8 1/2%; Dito, 6 1/2%; Dito Four per Cent., 10 1/2%; and Latin Five per Cent., 6 1/2%.

Colonial Government Securities have been in fair request:—Canada Six per Cent., have been done at 10 1/2s.; New South Wales Five per Cent., 9 1/2s.; New Brunswick Six per Cent., 1 1/2s.; and Victoria six per cents., 11 1/2s.

Miscellaneous Securities have been very inactive, as follows:—

Credit Palace Six per Cent. Debenture, 11 1/2s.; London General Omnibus, 3%; Madrid Irrigation and Canal, 3%; Petroleum and Gasoline, 3%; and Valencia, 3%; and Victoria, 3%; and San Domingo, 3%; and Vicksburg, 3%; and Yucatan, 3%; and London Docks, 6 1/2s.; and St. Nazario, 3%; and

Railway shares have been in fair average request, and the quotations have had an upward tendency.

METROPOLITAN MARKETS.

CORN EXCHANGE.—About average supplies of English wheat, chiefly of the new crop, have been on offer this week, and the demand for all kinds has ruled heavy, as a decline in the quotations of late is, probably, quarter. Foreign wheat, the imports of which have remained fairly constant, have sold slowly, and at lower rates, than in former weeks, and the market has been very quiet, little or no buying or selling.

BIGLISH C. BREWERY.—Wheat, Essex and Kent, red, 49s. to 50s.; ditto, white, 51s. to 53s.; graining barley, 25s. to 28s.; distilling ditto, 30s. to 32s.; malting, new, 38s. to 40s.; rye, 32s. to 35s.; malt, 5s. to 6s.; 1 bushel, 1s. 6d. oats, 1s. to 2s.; potato straw, 2s. to 2s.; tick beans, 33s. to 37s.; grey peat, 3s. to 3s.; white ditto, 2s. 6d. per quarter. Town-made flour, 4s. to 5s.; country flour, 3s. 6d. to 4s.; turnips, 1s. 6d. per bushel, 4s. per cwt.; carrots, 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. per bushel.

NEWCASTLE AND LEADENHALL MARKET.—No kind of meat has sold off slowly, on easier terms. Most other kinds of stock have been sold at steady prices, but the market has been very quiet, little or no buying or selling.

CAVENDISH.—Beef has moved off slowly, on easier terms, as follows:—Beef, from 2s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.; mutton, 2s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.; lamb, 2s. 1/2d. to 4s. 6d.; veal, 3s. 10d. to 4s. 6d.; and pork, 2s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. per cwt.

NEWCASTLE.—Hams have moved off slowly, on easier terms, as follows:—Hams, from 2s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.; bacon, 2s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.; ham, 2s. 1/2d. to 4s. 6d.; and French, 1s. 6d. per cwt.

SPAGHETTI.—Good and fine raw spaghetti have sold steadily, at fall prices; but all other qualities have been inactive, at late rates. Relaxed girdles are inactive, at 9s. per cwt. for common brown spaghetti.

CAVENDISH.—Pantaloons are quite dead, as last week. Other articles are inactive.

PROVISIONS.—Scarcely any change has taken place in the value of any kind of butter, and the demand is somewhat heavy. Bacon is very firm. All other provisions are inactive.

TAN. O.W.—The market is heavy, at about previous rates. P.Y.C., on the spot, 4s.; and for delivery during the last three months, 4s. per cwt.

OLIVE.—Lined oil, on the spot, is steady, at 42s. 6d. to 4s. per cwt. Other oils rule about stationary. American tallowine is worth 13s. 6d.; and French, 14s. per cwt.

C. V.S.—Best house coal, 1s. 6d. to 1s. 8d.; seconds, 1s. 6d. to 1s. 8d.; Hartley's, 1s. 8d. to 1s.; and manufacturers', 1s. 6d. to 1s. 8d.

SPIRITS.—The demand for rum is inactive, at 1s. 6d. to 1s. 8d. per cwt. Brandy is steady, and falls steadily, at 1s. 6d. to 1s. 8d. per cwt. Wine, 1s. 6d. to 1s. 8d. per cwt. Beer is steady, at 1s. 6d. to 1s. 8d. per cwt.

HAY AND STRAW.—Meadow, £1 16s. to £1 5s.; clover, £1 10s. to £1 15s.; grass, £1 10s. to £1 15s. per cwt.

HOPS.—Good and fine new hops have sold steadily, at from 18s. to 19s. per cwt. All other kinds are dull inquiry. Racking is now general.

WOOL.—The market is very brisk, and prices have advanced fully 1d. to 1d. per lb.

POTATOES.—The supply is reasonably extensive, and the demand is steady, at from 7s. to 11s. per ton.

THE LONDON GAZETTE.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 12.

BANKRUPTS.—J. COOPER, Golden-lane, St. Luke's, baker.—S. F. MARTYN, Basinghall-street, commission agent.—J. EADIE, Great Dover-street, southwark, rope-dealer.—A. PAIN, Han-street, Kent, grocer and draper.—S. F. PARSONS, Leadenbury-road, Baywater, boot-maker.—J. DANIEL, Lower Heyford Wharf, Northamptonshire, coal-dealer.—J. H. RONSE, Hammersmith, schoolmaster.—G. MOODY, Queen's-road, Bermondsey, poulter.—T. UPSALL, Mile-end road, butcher.—J. PARRY, S. J. JONES, Clerkenwell-green, beershop-keeper.—R. J. TURNER, Southampton, farmer and market gardener.—W. PLUM, East Budleigh, Devonshire, boot and shoe maker.—D. MAJOUR, Powders-draggler.—S. D. WILKINSON, Westgate-grove, photographic artist.—G. PRISLEY, Vauxhall, baker.—J. BROWN, Battersea, baker.—H. PIPER, Marborough-road, Chiswick, grocer and carmine.—F. NICHOLLS, Milton-street, St. Luke's, printer.—T. A. KNOTT, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, hairdresser and perfumer.—W. H. BAILY, Gloucester, H. STURGE, Birmingham, baker.—H. THROBOLD, Gloucester, ch. solicitor.—T. GRIEVE, Kingstone-on-Hull, earl merchant.—J. ED ARDS, Exeter, mail-coach proprietor and contractor.—J. LEVY, Truro, watchmaker and jeweller.—H. J. SMITH, Osterholt, Simeon's-house, secretary to the Grand Western and Central Co.—WALTERS, jun., Stonegrave, surgeon.—J. NOBLE, Marsh, York-shire, comb

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EXAMINATIONS for SCIENCE CERTIFICATES of the COMMITTEE of COUNCIL on EDUCATION will take place at the Offices of the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, on the days shown below.

The Examinations will last each day from 10 a.m. till 5 p.m., with one hour's intermission in the middle of the day, except on the days for Subject I and Chemical Analysis.

Candidates for Certificates who have registered their names must attend at ten minutes before 10 a.m., at the Offices, South Kensington, on the day or days which are indicated for the subjects they wish to be examined in.

Lectures, Descriptive Geometrical, Mechanical Drawing, &c. II. Mechanical Physics. III. Experimental Physics. IV. Chemistry. V. Geology and Mineralogy. VI. Physiology and Zoology. VII. Botany and Vegetable Physiology. VIII. Mining and Metallurgy. As many students as possible who take up only Inorganic Chemistry will do their examination on Friday afternoon, the rest on Saturday. Analysis tables are allowed.

N.B. Candidates must send in their names before the 15th of October, except those coming up in Mechanical and Machine Drawing and Building Construction, who must send in their names by the 5th of October.

Richard Ford and Co., Patentees, 38, Poultry, London.

1. Subject 1.—Monday, 3rd November. Subject 2.—Wednesday, 5th November. Subject 3.—Thursday, 6th November. Subject 1.—Friday, 7th November. Subject 2.—Saturday, 8th November. Subject 1.—Monday, 17th November, morn. Subject 2.—Monday, 17th November, after. Friday, 14th November, morn. Subject 1.—Monday, 10th November. Subject 2.—Tuesday, 11th November. Subject 1.—Wednesday, 12th November. Subject 2.—Thursday, 13th November. Subject 1.—Tuesday, 18th November. Subject 2.—Wednesday, 19th November. Friday, 14th November, after. Subject 1.—Monday, 21st November. Subject 2.—Tuesday, 22nd November. Thursday, 24th November. Friday, 25th November. Saturday, 26th November. Monday, 28th November. Tuesday, 29th November. Wednesday, 30th November. Friday, 1st December. Saturday, 2nd December. Sunday, 3rd December. Monday, 4th December. Tuesday, 5th December. Wednesday, 6th December. Thursday, 7th December. Friday, 8th December. Saturday, 9th December. Sunday, 10th December. Monday, 11th December. Tuesday, 12th December. Wednesday, 13th December. Thursday, 14th December. Friday, 15th December. Saturday, 16th December. Sunday, 17th December. Monday, 18th December. Tuesday, 19th December. Wednesday, 20th December. Thursday, 21st December. Friday, 22nd December. Saturday, 23rd December. Sunday, 24th December. Monday, 25th December. Tuesday, 26th December. Wednesday, 27th December. Thursday, 28th December. Friday, 29th December. Saturday, 30th December. Sunday, 31st December. Monday, 1st January. Tuesday, 2nd January. Wednesday, 3rd January. Thursday, 4th January. Friday, 5th January. Saturday, 6th January. Sunday, 7th January. Monday, 8th January. Tuesday, 9th January. Wednesday, 10th January. Thursday, 11th January. Friday, 12th January. Saturday, 13th January. Sunday, 14th January. Monday, 15th January. Tuesday, 16th January. Wednesday, 17th January. Thursday, 18th January. Friday, 19th January. Saturday, 20th January. Sunday, 21st January. Monday, 22nd January. Tuesday, 23rd January. Wednesday, 24th January. Thursday, 25th January. Friday, 26th January. Saturday, 27th January. Sunday, 28th January. Monday, 29th January. Tuesday, 30th January. Wednesday, 31st January. Thursday, 1st February. Friday, 2nd February. Saturday, 3rd February. Sunday, 4th February. Monday, 5th February. Tuesday, 6th February. Wednesday, 7th February. Thursday, 8th February. Friday, 9th February. Saturday, 10th February. Sunday, 11th February. Monday, 12th February. Tuesday, 13th February. Wednesday, 14th February. Thursday, 15th February. Friday, 16th February. Saturday, 17th February. Sunday, 18th February. Monday, 19th February. Tuesday, 20th February. Wednesday, 21st February. Thursday, 22nd February. Friday, 23rd February. Saturday, 24th February. Sunday, 25th February. Monday, 26th February. Tuesday, 27th February. Wednesday, 28th February. Thursday, 29th February. Friday, 1st March. Saturday, 2nd March. Sunday, 3rd March. Monday, 4th March. Tuesday, 5th March. Wednesday, 6th March. Thursday, 7th March. Friday, 8th March. Saturday, 9th March. Sunday, 10th March. Monday, 11th March. Tuesday, 12th March. Wednesday, 13th March. Thursday, 14th March. Friday, 15th March. Saturday, 16th March. Sunday, 17th March. Monday, 18th March. Tuesday, 19th March. Wednesday, 20th March. Thursday, 21st March. Friday, 22nd March. Saturday, 23rd March. Sunday, 24th March. Monday, 25th March. Tuesday, 26th March. Wednesday, 27th March. Thursday, 28th March. Friday, 29th March. Saturday, 30th March. Sunday, 31st March. Monday, 1st April. Tuesday, 2nd April. Wednesday, 3rd April. Thursday, 4th April. Friday, 5th April. Saturday, 6th April. Sunday, 7th April. Monday, 8th April. Tuesday, 9th April. Wednesday, 10th April. Thursday, 11th April. Friday, 12th April. Saturday, 13th April. Sunday, 14th April. Monday, 15th April. Tuesday, 16th April. Wednesday, 17th April. Thursday, 18th April. Friday, 19th April. Saturday, 20th April. Sunday, 21st April. Monday, 22nd April. Tuesday, 23rd April. Wednesday, 24th April. Thursday, 25th April. Friday, 26th April. Saturday, 27th April. Sunday, 28th April. Monday, 29th April. Tuesday, 30th April. Wednesday, 1st May. Thursday, 2nd May. Friday, 3rd May. Saturday, 4th May. Sunday, 5th May. Monday, 6th May. Tuesday, 7th May. Wednesday, 8th May. Thursday, 9th May. Friday, 10th May. Saturday, 11th May. Sunday, 12th May. Monday, 13th May. Tuesday, 14th May. Wednesday, 15th May. Thursday, 16th May. Friday, 17th May. Saturday, 18th May. Sunday, 19th May. Monday, 20th May. Tuesday, 21st May. Wednesday, 22nd May. Thursday, 23rd May. Friday, 24th May. Saturday, 25th May. Sunday, 26th May. Monday, 27th May. Tuesday, 28th May. Wednesday, 29th May. Thursday, 30th May. Friday, 31st May. Saturday, 1st June. Sunday, 2nd June. Monday, 3rd June. Tuesday, 4th June. Wednesday, 5th June. Thursday, 6th June. Friday, 7th June. Saturday, 8th June. Sunday, 9th June. Monday, 10th June. Tuesday, 11th June. Wednesday, 12th June. Thursday, 13th June. Friday, 14th June. Saturday, 15th June. Sunday, 16th June. Monday, 17th June. Tuesday, 18th June. Wednesday, 19th June. Thursday, 20th June. Friday, 21st June. Saturday, 22nd June. Sunday, 23rd June. Monday, 24th June. Tuesday, 25th June. Wednesday, 26th June. Thursday, 27th June. Friday, 28th June. Saturday, 29th June. Sunday, 30th June. Monday, 1st July. Tuesday, 2nd July. Wednesday, 3rd July. Thursday, 4th July. Friday, 5th July. Saturday, 6th July. Sunday, 7th July. Monday, 8th July. Tuesday, 9th July. Wednesday, 10th July. Thursday, 11th July. Friday, 12th July. Saturday, 13th July. Sunday, 14th July. Monday, 15th July. Tuesday, 16th July. Wednesday, 17th July. Thursday, 18th July. Friday, 19th July. Saturday, 20th July. Sunday, 21st July. Monday, 22nd July. Tuesday, 23rd July. Wednesday, 24th July. Thursday, 25th July. Friday, 26th July. Saturday, 27th July. Sunday, 28th July. Monday, 29th July. Tuesday, 30th July. Wednesday, 31st July. Thursday, 1st August. Friday, 2nd August. Saturday, 3rd August. Sunday, 4th August. Monday, 5th August. Tuesday, 6th August. Wednesday, 7th August. Thursday, 8th August. Friday, 9th August. Saturday, 10th August. Sunday, 11th August. Monday, 12th August. Tuesday, 13th August. Wednesday, 14th August. Thursday, 15th August. Friday, 16th August. Saturday, 17th August. Sunday, 18th August. Monday, 19th August. Tuesday, 20th August. Wednesday, 21st August. Thursday, 22nd August. Friday, 23rd August. Saturday, 24th August. Sunday, 25th August. Monday, 26th August. Tuesday, 27th August. Wednesday, 28th August. Thursday, 29th August. Friday, 30th August. Saturday, 31st August. Sunday, 1st September. Monday, 2nd September. Tuesday, 3rd September. Wednesday, 4th September. Thursday, 5th September. Friday, 6th September. Saturday, 7th September. Sunday, 8th September. Monday, 9th September. Tuesday, 10th September. Wednesday, 11th September. Thursday, 12th September. Friday, 13th September. 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